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After you've watched, we'd like to know what you think. Your views will help us serve our readers and viewers better.

Send them to our chairman, Robert Erburu, Times Mirror, Times Mirror Square, Suite 100, Los Angeles, CA 90053.

Incidentally, when Gallup asked Americans across the country how much press coverage they'd want if they were held hostage, 47% said "as much as possible," 43% said "as little as possible."

**Your PBS station may broadcast this program later in the week, so be sure to check your local listings to confirm date and time.*

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W O N D E R

COVER: A new movie vividly evokes the American G.I.'s life and death in Viet Nam

Twenty years after it tore apart the nation's conscience, the Viet Nam War reaches the screen with searing power and immediacy. Oliver Stone's *Platoon* has already earned raves from the critics and long lines at the box office. It is also detonating a fire storm of memories and debate about the U.S. fighting man in the jungles of Southeast Asia. See **SHOW BUSINESS**.



NATION: Working women win a court fight over the right to pregnancy leave

In a decision that could have enormous impact, the Supreme Court upholds a California law allowing new mothers to take time from their jobs. ► As *Irnsam* continues to unfold, Washington wonders if the President is more out of touch than ever. ► To remain the Republican front runner for 1988, George Bush must finally step out from Reagan's shadow.



BUSINESS: Currency trading is suddenly a gigantic game of chicken

All around the world last week, the mood in money markets was akin to panic. The dollar dropped to a six-year low against the West German mark and fell precipitously against the Japanese yen. Behind the sell-off loomed the mammoth U.S. trade deficit. ► An important study argues that U.S. export controls on high technology do not work properly and hurt American business.



24 World

Deng Xiaoping shakes up China's leaders.
► The Iran-Iraq war takes a bloody turn.
► Kohl is favored in West German elections.

67 Food

Fifty years a food critic, M.F.K. Fisher talks about pretentious cuisine, overplayed chefs—and the simple joy of mashed potatoes.

63 Religion

Oral Roberts says God will take his life unless he receives \$4.5 million in donations. ► Jerry Falwell is plagued by nuisance phone calls.

69 Press

After 35 years as a revered father figure to *The New Yorker*, Editor William Shawn is abruptly retired by the magazine's owner.

64 Health & Fitness

Scoring high in fat and flab, low in strength, endurance and flexibility, American children are disgracefully unfit, say experts.

70 Video

The hosts of *The Morning Program*, CBS's latest entry in TV's breakfast-time battle, are relentlessly cheery. The question is why.

66 Science

Biologists claim a prehistoric woman was an ancestor of everyone alive today. ► Genetic "fingerprinting" may help solve crimes.

76 Books

Historian Garry Wills, in a new biography, defines Ronald Reagan as an auteur whose views were shaped by his cinematic past.

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Cover:
Photograph by
Roland Neveu—
Gamma/Liaison

A Letter from the Publisher

When TIME's Los Angeles correspondent Denise Worrell viewed *Platoon*, a film that batters its audience with the brutalities of the Viet Nam War, her reaction was immediate: "It was my father's face I saw on the screen. Barely 18, in a swell of patriotism, he had enlisted in the Marines. He could never talk about fighting the Japanese during World War II, and I sensed that part of him was scar tissue. *Platoon* gave me my father's war. That war and Viet Nam were supposed to be very different, but this film showed that every war, for the man in the trenches with a rifle, is the same."

Her enthusiasm for the film, coupled with the knowledge of its outstanding reviews and mounting grosses, prompted her to speed a message to TIME editors in New York City, which resulted in this week's cover story.

Senior Writer and Cinema Critic Richard Corliss, who wrote the main story about *Platoon*, which was directed by Oliver Stone, notes, "In 1967 Stone and I were both preparing for this cover story. He was dodging enemy fire in Southeast Asia, and I was taking graduate film courses at Columbia and N.Y.U. Of course, even in the academic cocoon, everyone's major was Viet Nam, but for us, it was on TV. Stone's achievement is to rescue this huge national tragedy from the 19-inch screen and put it on the big one, where it belongs."



Worrell and Dutka outside *Platoon* theater

In Los Angeles, Bureau Chief Dan Goodgame produced an accompanying story on retired Marine Corps Captain Dale Dye, who was the film's technical adviser. The two had met in 1982: Goodgame was covering the Middle East for the *Miami Herald*, while Dye was assigned to the Marine detachment that was ravaged by a terrorist bombing in October 1983. "Dale was an unabashed war junkie and always had a strong interest in movies about combat," Goodgame remembers. "Even then he was critical of inauthentic films like *Apocalypse Now*."

The stories were written with reports from Reporter-Researcher Elizabeth Bland in New York, and Worrell and TIME Correspondent Elaine Dutka in Los Angeles. Dutka, who majored in political science and modern history during the peak Viet Nam War years, recalls that era as the "beginning of my real political education, a crucial rite of passage." While viewing *Platoon*, she was struck by the reaction of veterans around her. "One man told me afterward that it was a relief to be able to share the nightmare he had lived and has yet to shake." *Platoon* is a riveting movie, and our cover story tries to capture that intensity.

Richard B. Thomas

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Letters

Cory's Year

To the Editors:

In the world of politics, Corazon Aquino [WOMAN OF THE YEAR, Jan. 5] symbolizes hope, the possibility of change and the usually unthinkable idea that government leaders might intercede to do some good for their people.

*Norma C. Maloney
Manchester Center, Vt.*



Pensive Philippine President Aquino

TIME should know better than to choose President-non-elect Aquino for Woman of the Year. Anyone whose mind is not polluted by the media knows President Marcos won the election. The ousting of Marcos was a blunder, and will have devastating consequences for both the U.S. and the Philippines.

*Helen Slavaykoff
Mahopac, N.Y.*

Thank you for selecting Aquino as Woman of the Year. Your story shows that no nation has a monopoly on greatness. Aquino is a ray of hope to all oppressed people of the world and a strong candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize.

*Mel Red Recana
Los Angeles*

Your choice of Aquino is premature. Here is a woman who came to power via a revolution, not an election. Since then, for all the promises of democracy, no democratic legitimization of her regime has taken place. Why did she appoint the members of the constitutional convention instead of allowing them to be chosen by the people? Until we see free and fair elections, we may praise Aquino for talking in terms of democracy, but nothing more.

*Bruce S. Allardice
Des Plaines, Ill.*

President Aquino will be constantly threatened from the right by the old Marcos followers and from the left by the Communist insurgents. Her talent lies in her ability to see the Philippine reality from the historic center of her people. So

far, she epitomizes a refreshing and new way of leading, marked by balanced vision, a sense of history, and strong and compassionate feelings inspired by a serene faith. Of course, Aquino has to believe in miracles: she is one of them.

*Ruben D. Rumbaut
Sugar Land, Texas*

Aquino's tumultuous rise to power sounds a note of warning to all dictators who have chosen to ignore the pleas of their citizens for freedom and democracy. People power has finally arrived, and I hope it is here to stay.

*Mrigank Sharma
New Delhi*

Runners-Up

Your article on Lieut. Colonel Oliver North in the section "Others in History's Spotlight" [WOMAN OF THE YEAR, Jan. 5] echoes the Administration's party line by suggesting that North is some action-craving cowboy who went astray. As a former Marine, I can attest to a Marine's zeal to accomplish any given task. But to suggest that North failed to do what any private knows he must do—follow orders and keep his superiors informed—is ludicrous.

*Alfred G. Nicholson II
Herndon, Va.*

Your story on Nelson and Winnie Mandela brought back vivid memories. As a young Afrikaner, I watched in 1962 from the public gallery as Nelson Mandela defended himself against charges of organizing a nonviolent antiapartheid campaign. My fear of majority rule evaporated in that courtroom. To me it seemed that Mandela had both the charisma and the sanity needed to rescue South Africa from the persistent folly of its rulers. Today I have no doubt that a substantial number of Afrikaners would accept his leadership if they could be directly exposed to his serenely rational personality and moderate views. I fear for my country if this prisoner is not set free, unconditionally, this year. Next year will be too late.

*Samuel van den Berg
Pretoria*

Emotional Stability

As a psychiatric social worker, I am surprised that TIME published "North's Other Secret" [NATION, Jan. 5], the article about the lieutenant colonel's voluntary hospitalization for emotional distress. When will our culture stop perpetuating the stigma associated with psychiatric counseling? For most people, acknowledging the need for help is a sign of courage. The implication that Government officials should be exempt from such problems is fraught with grandiosity. It is not those who have sought psychiatric aid who worry me but those who have not.

*Linda Hoff-Hagensick
Evanston, Ill.*

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The program premieres January 26 and will run every day after school. For the exact time, check your local PBS listing.

"Square One TV." It's a math series that gets high marks for entertainment.



Funding for "Square One TV" provided by IBM as corporate underwriter, the U.S. Department of Education, The National Science Foundation, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, and the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

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Letters

Coverage for Catastrophe

Otis Ray Bowen, Secretary of the Department of Health and Human Services, should be applauded for his attempt to provide some relief for those faced with ruinous medical expenses [NATION, Jan. 5]. To be sure, his proposal leaves gaps in the circle of security, but it is a first step. The Reagan Administration's negative reaction shows its myopic view of Americans faced with catastrophe. To suggest that the private sector should step into the breach is ludicrous. The Administration should hang its head in shame. It has created an astronomical national debt for our children and grandchildren to have to live with, yet it cannot protect those citizens most in need. Outrageous.

Thomas P. Finley, President
Health Benefits Architects, Ltd.
Tucson

After reading your article, I feel more than ever that the present Medicare program is inadequate for the nation's needs. Americans should have a strong national health-insurance program so that we may grow old with dignity and grace.

Alex O. Madsen
Solvang, Calif.

Past Year in Pictures

U.S. legislators who campaigned for imposing sanctions on South Africa should look at your review of 1986 in pictures [IMAGES '86, Dec. 29]. They should compare the photograph of the well-fed mother and child in South Africa with that of the pitiful children in the Sudan. If these Congressmen and Senators succeed in destroying one of the few stable economies on the drought-stricken African continent, TIME will be able to publish pictures of starving but free South African children in Images '87.

Johann Wannenburg
Pretoria, South Africa

Iranian Denial

TIME's statement concerning my involvement in the recent secret U.S.-Iran negotiations, the arms dealing and the Robert McFarlane and Oliver North trip to Tehran [NATION, Dec. 8] is totally unfounded, fictitious and offensive. On my last trip to the U.S., I arrived April 17 and departed on July 8, 1986, on Swissair. I have never met or spoken with McFarlane, North or any other U.S. authorities concerning U.S.-Iran relations, arms transfers or any other matters. I have never worked with, had contact with or cooperated with any U.S. governmental agency, including the CIA (except for the Veterans Administration Hospital in Houston). I consider this claim to be a serious offense against my honor and dignity, one which should be repudiated and corrected promptly by TIME. To publish the claims of an anonymous so-called anti-

Khomeini organization without substantiation is a discredit to TIME's reputation.

I am in opposition to the policies and actions of the present Iranian authorities and consider them, particularly with respect to the basic rights and liberties of our people, a clear deviation from the goals of our revolution and a violation of our constitution. Therefore, as long as the situation in Iran remains unchanged, our opposition will continue. Cooperation, on my part, with the present government would be in contradiction with my principles and unacceptable.

Ebrahim Yazdi
Former Deputy Prime Minister and
Minister for Foreign Affairs
Tehran

Banning Boz

Your casual reporting on the banning of Oklahoma Linebacker Brian Bosworth from the Orange Bowl for having taken steroids [PEOPLE, Jan. 5] did not focus on the real problem. As a chiropractor, I treat many athletes and see an alarming number of young people who use steroids to improve their strength and size. Repeated injections can lead to testicular atrophy, acne, hypertension and liver and kidney disorders, as well as psychological side effects, including increased aggression and irritability. TIME should focus on the harmful side effects, rather than give undue publicity to athletes like Bosworth who do not realize the effect their actions have on American youth.

Ray N. Horan
Sports and Fitness Council
International Chiropractors Association
Washington

Fledermaus Fans

Contrary to your critic's negative review of the Metropolitan Opera's staging of *Die Fledermaus* [MUSIC, Jan. 5], my wife and I thought the production was wonderful. We have seen many performances of *Die Fledermaus*, in Vienna and Cologne among other places, but the Met's was the best.

Herbert Schellenberger
Venice, Fla.

I thought the Met's production of *Die Fledermaus* was a knockout. It bubbled and flowed and entertained, just like champagne. The stars appeared to be having as much fun as the audience, and the orchestra soared under the direction of Conductor Jeffrey Tate. The scenery provided the perfect backdrop for a fabulous collection of talent.

Lodewyk Lemmer
Wenham, Mass.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.



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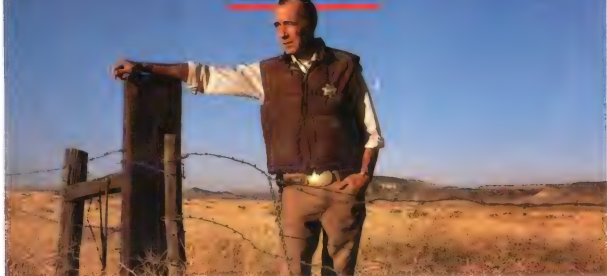
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American Scene



Sheriff Nettleton has little support in his search for an escaped killer out in the badlands

In Idaho: A Killer Becomes a Mythic Hero

Most days, Owyhee County Sheriff Tim Nettleton worries more about overlaid beet trucks than he does about desperadoes. The slightest reminder, however, turns the Idaho lawman's thoughts back to the frigid January day six years ago, when a quiet trapper named Claude Dallas ruthlessly gunned down two game wardens, instantly creating the Legend of Claude Dallas, and a major migraine for the sheriff. One recent day, as cold winds whistled across the jackrabbit badlands and swirled outside his cramped office, Nettleton kindled yet another cigarette, propped his scuffed cowboy boots on the desk and pondered the renegade Dallas, who's been on the loose since a jailbreak last Easter Sunday. Abruptly he blew out the match and turned, a flinty glare transforming his hound-dog eyes. The sheriff wanted Dallas, dead or alive. "If they'd bring one of his hands back from Mexico, I'd be happy, I guess," drawled the lean and lanky lawman. "I just wanta know something's been done."

Remarkably few neighbors share the sheriff's straightforward sentiment. Dallas, say his cheerleaders, is not a ruthless killer; rather, he's the last American hero, a vestige of the Old West, a virtual Jeremiah Johnson. In a land of thundering silence and splendid isolation, where a trapper can hike for days without stumbling across another's tracks, this version of the story has grown into a powerful myth. Sure, his fans admit. Dallas killed two men on that terrible day in 1981, but they were just game wardens, the lowly emissaries of flower-fondling environmentalists. Today, in what remains of the Old West, this harshland sustains, just as it destroys, and each man at times becomes his own law: justice is

simply survival. This sovereign streak fuels a wicked disdain for any authority—especially game wardens.

As the New West encroaches on the wilderness, any heroes are welcome. To his fans, Claude Lafayette Dallas Jr., a hardened 36-year-old, embodies bull-headed heroism. As a boy, Dallas read Zane Grey, trapped animals on Michigan's Upper Peninsula, and harbored a dream to head West. In 1968 he did, and started as a buckaroo on a ranch in Oregon. Acquaintances called him gentle, quiet, a loner. Dallas earned a reputation as a hard worker and a fellow who'd stare you straight in the eye. "Buckaroing," he once explained in charming simplicity, "is just a man doing his job, working with livestock on horseback, doing whatever work that has to be done on horseback regarding livestock and cattle, you know."

But as the cow business faltered, Dallas turned to trapping and hunting the backcountry from Tonopah in Nevada to Steens Mountain in eastern Oregon.

On that bitter day six years ago, Idaho Fish and Game Officers Bill Pogue and Conley Elms, chasing a poacher, trekked to Dallas' winter quarters at Bull Camp, a secluded stretch of sage about 110 miles south of Boise. They confronted Dallas and searched his camp, where they discovered deer meat and bobcat hides. Pogue, a no-nonsense officer with a flair for pen-and-ink sketches, told the poacher he'd broken the game laws. An argument ensued. Though Dallas claims Pogue

started to draw first, the jumpy poacher blasted Pogue with his .357 Ruger Security-Six revolver, then spun and nailed Elms. He finished them off with a .22 Marlin rifle bullet behind the ears. After dumping Elms' body in the river, Dallas hauled Pogue's body about 80 miles southwest to Paradise Hill, Nev., and buried it in the desert.



Buckaroo Dallas in the '70s

With \$100, a backpack and his guns, Dallas fled. He ran across the West for 15 months, until he was captured near Paradise Hill. During his 1982 trial, Dallas pleaded self-defense. The prosecution argued murder one. The jury found him guilty of voluntary manslaughter, and the judge sentenced him to 30 years. But the cagey Dallas spent only 39 months behind the chain link fences before snipping his way out almost ten months ago.

Lawmen guess Dallas hightailed it back to Paradise Hill, a one-blink junction in northern Nevada. Bloodhounds tracked his scent to a barstool, then to an unmade bed in a nearby trailer and finally to an abrupt end at Highway 95. Though every waitress and cowhand between Boise and Reno seems to know Dallas, no one admits spotting him since the jailbreak.

"They're trackin' a mountain man, they're not chasin' a city slicker," contends Margarette Eckstein, who runs a roadside coffee shop in Burns Junction, Ore. Eckstein remembers Dallas well. "He was a gentle man, minded his own business, bought his gloves and candy

bars," recalls the grandmotherly figure. Though she admits Dallas did wrong, she won't help catch him. "I haven't seen him," Eckstein professes, adding in a conspiratorial stage whisper as she delivers the cheeseburgers, "and if I had, I wouldn't tell anybody."

Mere mention of Claude Dallas can spark a shoving match in any Great Basin saloon or diner. At the Koffeepot Cafe, several miles from the site of Dallas' trial, Tiny, an Idaho-size chunk of a man, bellows about Dallas while nursing a large RC Cola. His reverence for the poacher scarcely exceeds his antipathy for the law: "Pogue being a sumbitch," Tiny admits, "don't make it right that Dallas shot him in the head after shooting him once." But for Tiny, and others, a blistering rancor justified the first bullet.

Sympathetic Dallas fans abound. During his trial, one group of rapturous women was dubbed the "Dallas cheerleaders," and today others are pushing a petition to grant Dallas amnesty. They claim he did no wrong. Norma Hebbel, 61, explains, "Claude did what a lot of people would want to do. They should've given him a medal, not tried him."

Supporters say he belonged to the Old West: he lived by its simple rules of survival. To a point, Sheriff Nettleton agrees, but he must enforce the laws of the New West. "He was an individualist, made his own rules, lived by 'em," the sheriff observes. "But his rules and society's rules aren't the same. He sat around and thought about it, and shot and killed two game wardens." When the New West clashed with the old, Dallas lost.

Some folks in his old stomping grounds don't accept that fact. Down at the JS saloon, where Dallas played a few pool games, the door swings open with a creak. In ambles the mailman, an elderly fellow fond of flannel shirts and bright red Budweiser suspenders. Dallas? Known him for years. "It's hard to think that kid ever got into trouble. They just pushed him against the wall. He'd walk away from trouble if he could." The whole mess baffles Bar Owner Phyllis Sans. "It's just a damn shame it had to happen. Two men are dead, and one man's running for his life," she sighs, "but he's no desperado."

George Nielsen, who owns the Paradise Hill Bar just down the road, staunchly defends his young friend's "mishap." Though he helped Dallas escape after the Bull Camp massacre, Nielsen claims not to know the rebel's whereabouts. "If you gave me \$10 million today and told me to put a finger on him, where he is," he claims, "I couldn't do it."

Yet wily Tim Nettleton is ready to wager a pint of whisky that Dallas will return, inevitably, to the badlands that begot the legend. He bashes his confidence on rustic Idaho logic: "You kick a dog in the side, he'll make a big circle, and he'll come home. That's basically what happened to Claude before. He'll get kicked in the side and come home again." When he returns, the law will be ready.

By Michael Riley

SIX LEGENDARY AMERICAN BUSINESS LEADERS WORKED ALL THEIR LIVES FOR THIS NIGHT.

On the evening of March 26, 1987, the newest members of the National Business Hall of Fame will be inducted.

They'll join American business giants like Thomas Watson, Jr., Simon Ramo, Olive Ann Beech, and other distinguished laureates in the world's first Hall of Fame honoring national business leaders, established by Junior Achievement at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry.

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HONDA

The Civic Wagon



Lillian Garland and her daughter: "Women should not have to choose between being a mother and having a job"

Nation

TIME JANUARY 26, 1987

Garland's Bouquet

A landmark Supreme Court ruling supports pregnancy leave

When she left her work as a receptionist at the California Federal Savings and Loan Association office in West Los Angeles to have her first baby, in 1982, Lillian Garland figured she would simply take a short, unpaid disability leave and return to her job, a right guaranteed by state law. But there were complications. Garland's baby girl was delivered by Cesarean section, and her doctor prescribed a three-month leave. When she returned to Cal Fed, Garland found that her position had been filled. "I didn't know what to do," she says. Unemployed and unable to pay her \$550-a-month rent, Garland was eventually evicted from her apartment. She and her daughter moved into a friend's living room. Shortly after, she agreed to let the father take care of the baby until Garland found a job. By the

spring of 1983, he had sued for and received custody.

Angered by this string of events, Garland filed a complaint against Cal Fed, citing a 1978 California law that requires employers with 15 or more workers to offer up to four months' unpaid leave for pregnant women with the promise of the same or a comparable job upon their return. Cal Fed responded with its own suit in federal court against the California law, arguing that it conflicted with the Pregnancy Discrimination Act, a measure passed by Congress in 1978 that outlaws discrimination on the basis of pregnancy. The California statute, claimed Cal Fed, discriminates against men by requiring special benefits that are available only to women.

Last week, in a landmark decision for working mothers, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the California law by a

6-to-3 vote, ruling that a state is permitted to require an employer to provide special job protection for workers temporarily disabled by pregnancy. Realistic in its scope and modest in its rhetoric, the decision could have enormous impact on the growing social dilemma caused by the influx of women into the job market over the past 25 years: the heavy burden of holding down a job and having children at the same time. "It's a wonderful victory," said Feminist Betty Friedan, who lost her first job when she became pregnant. "It says that equality does not mean women have to fit the male model." The ruling opens up the possibility of radical—and potentially costly—changes in the employment practices of American business. Says Virginia Lamp, an attorney for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce: "The ruling is disappointing and a shock

It was a victory for proponents of special treatment for women in the workplace."

Writing the main opinion, Justice Thurgood Marshall concluded that the California law did not violate the federal law or discriminate against men, as Cal Fed claimed. Rather it "promotes equal employment opportunity" by allowing "women, as well as men, to have families without losing their jobs." The Justice noted that the California statute "does not compel employers to treat pregnant workers better than other disabled employees; it merely establishes benefits that employers must, at a minimum, provide to pregnant workers. Employers are free to give comparable benefits to other disabled employees."

The majority coalition cut across ideological lines. Sandra Day O'Connor, a Reagan appointee and the court's only woman, joined the liberal Marshall in his opinion, as did William Brennan, Harry Blackmun and (with a minor exception) John Paul Stevens. Antonin Scalia, a philosophical conservative who is Reagan's only other appointee to the bench, wrote a separate opinion that agreed with the outcome but on narrower grounds.

The U.S. is the only advanced industrialized nation with no national policy to provide maternity leave. But in recent years that has been slowly changing, state by state. Some form of pregnancy-leave law is on the books of eight states besides California: Connecticut, Hawaii, Kansas, Massachusetts, Montana, New Hampshire, Ohio and Washington. The decision is likely to spur battles on the controversial issue elsewhere.

Some 65% of women of childbearing age are now in the American work force (see chart), and 90% of them have had or will have children during their careers. Yet only about two-thirds are entitled, under state law or company policy, to pregnancy leaves that guarantee reasonable



Marshall: promoting "equal opportunity"

job security. Larger companies are usually better able to accommodate such leaves than are smaller ones. Among FORTUNE 500 companies, 81% offer job-protected pregnancy leaves to female employees.

The debate over pregnancy leave has created a deep rift among feminists. One side argues that pregnancy leave, even though it benefits individual women, poses a general danger to female workers because it singles them out for special protection. Historically, they point out, such privileged treatment has eventually led to discrimination against women. Says Marsha Levick of the National Organization for Women's legal defense and education fund: "That almost always backfires."

But other feminists contend pregnancy leave simply acknowledges women's childbearing function and neutralizes its effect on career advancement. The California law "in effect equalizes working men and women," argues Christine Littleton, counsel for the Los Angeles-based Coalition for Reproductive Equality in the Workplace. "It is okay to recognize that women have some difference in their

requirements," says Economist Sylvia Ann Hewlett, who has criticized feminists in the past for denigrating the importance of women's child-rearing and family responsibilities. "This decision means that there is recognition at the highest legal levels that in order to get equal results for women in the workplace, you have to create family supports."

After the decision was handed down last week, feminists from both schools were generally supportive. NOW's Levick said she was "pleased that women have retained benefits for disability," but added that the next step was to extend such leaves to fathers as well. A bill requiring this type of "parental leave" will be introduced next month. It would allow up to 18 weeks of unpaid leave with job security for both new mothers and new fathers. "I think this decision gives us terrific momentum," says Colorado Congresswoman Pat Schroeder, a sponsor. "If the Reagan Supreme Court understands this issue, let us hope that the Democratic House and Senate do as well."

A formidable opponent looms. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, which be-moaned last week's decision, has targeted the parental-leave bill for defeat. Mandated benefits, many business leaders argue, impose too big a financial burden on small enterprises. The decision "spells disaster," says Don Butler, president of the Los Angeles-based Merchants and Manufacturers Association. "Larger companies can shift to fill a hole, but small ones cannot do that very easily. If I employ ten females and two or more get pregnant at one time, I might as well file for bankruptcy." Discrimination against women might increase. Many companies "just won't hire women in their childbearing years," says the Chamber's Attorney Lamp.

Some employers have come to believe that pregnancy leaves may pay off in the long run. Merck & Co., a New Jersey-based drug firm, grants an average of six weeks of paid pregnancy leave and an additional six months of unpaid personal leave if desired. "You can't close your eyes to the fact that the work force has totally changed," says Arthur Strohm Jr., the company's executive director of human resources. "Increasingly, entrants are women of childbearing age and working mothers. You have to make some adaptations to that pool of talent if only to stay in business." The benefits to the company, Strohm says, are long term. "We get to keep a lot of people we can't afford to lose."

For Lillian Garland, the loss of her \$850-a-month job was the beginning of a wrenching struggle. Cal Fed eventually reinstated her, but she resigned last spring and now works as a real estate agent. "It's been five years of hell," Garland says of the long legal struggle. "But even if it had taken 20 years, I'd do it again. I felt like I was fighting for all women in the work force. Women should not have to choose between being a mother and having a job."

By Amy Wilentz.

Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and Jon D. Hall/Los Angeles



Is He More Out of Touch Than Ever?

The old issue of Reagan's detachment is again a sensitive topic

What's wrong with this picture? The President walks jauntily into the West Wing of the White House and is greeted by smiling aides, who tell him everything is going well. The chief of staff strides into the Oval Office bearing position papers sanitized of all controversy; the President looks over the choices at the bottom and checks off a preference as routinely as if he were ordering dessert from the White House menu. All is serene.

What's wrong with this picture is its almost bizarre irrelevance to the world outside the White House windows. Ronald Reagan's Administration has been gravely wounded by Intransigent, faces newly assertive Democratic majorities in both Houses of Congress, and seems bereft of the bold initiatives that might save the last two years of his presidency from lame-duck drift. Yet he carries on with the same unruffled optimism and inattention to the messy details of policy that have marked his administrative style since his early days as Governor of California.

Once these characteristics seemed at worst material for mild jokes (Reagan has told some of the funniest), at best part of the charm and uncluttered vision that made him an effective leader. His oblivious attitude and shaky understanding of issues has long been a public secret; indeed it is the worrisome basis for his defense of himself from any Intransigent culpability. But even if his poor concentration is no worse than it has been for years, the problems it has recently caused and the sense of drift that has emerged make it a matter of concern once more and a point of attack for critics who no longer consider Reagan unassailable. As he approaches his 76th birthday on Feb. 6, while recuperating from prostate surgery, an old question is once again being raised in Washington: Has the President wandered so far out of touch that he is losing his ability to govern the country?

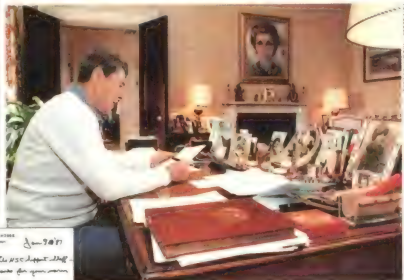
The question is implicit in Capitol Hill comments on the President's impassivity about Intransigent. Referring to Reagan's request for public release of a Senate Intelligence Committee report on the scandal, Maine Republican William Cohen complained last week, "I have the sensation we've slipped through a rabbit hole into something of a fantasy land. The President is demanding Congress ... furnish him

with a report describing in detail a plan that was formulated and perhaps executed either in or within a few feet of the Oval Office." Stung by such barbs, the White House announced that Independent Adviser David Abshire is regularly briefing Reagan on Intransigent developments and added that the President is quite interested—as if that could not be simply assumed.

The subject of Reagan's competence comes up more bluntly in the media. "Brain Dead," the title of an article in the *New Republic*, referred to the lack of new ideas within the Reagan Administration as a whole but carried a not-very-subtle

aides notes, the fresh spate of gossip about his detachment is "the same kind of stuff he has been accused of since the second week he has been here."

When one of Reagan's top aides was asked whether he thought the President was fully engaged in his work, he replied reassuringly and offered a bit of curious proof. A secretary, he recounted, had written a get-well poem ("Your excellent condition is a model for us all. For it is strength and wisdom that has our nation standing tall") and sent it to Reagan. He sent back a hand-written note illustrated with a self portrait. "It shows he's up there



Working in his private study after his hospital stay; inset, one of his notes

"We've slipped through a rabbit hole into something of a fantasy land."

implication about the President as well. A story in the *Washington Post* reported that Chief of Staff Donald Regan had formed the Administration's position on federal pay raises with only "minimal" involvement from the President, and one in the *New York*

(in his living quarters) doing things," the adviser claimed. "It shows that he's extremely responsive and willing to get down into the details."

The President has always devoted inordinate attention to minor matters. He held four or five consultations this month on the case of Belgian-born Anne Brusselmanns, a hero in the World War II Resistance, and personally supervised a successful effort to cut through the red tape that had denied her resident status in the U.S. Although he has been unwilling to grapple with the controversy over his new budget plan, he was so moved by the stories of the Amtrak train wreck that he asked that some of those cited for performing heroic deeds be brought down this week for a photo session.

Important affairs of state, however, do not always get the same concentration. At a meeting in December, House Republican

Times described how congressional leaders had come away from meetings with Reagan wondering "if he had understood the issues they had raised."

There is no evidence of deterioration in the President's physical condition. Prostate surgery on Jan. 5 has forced him to lighten his schedule temporarily, but his personal physician says he is "doing beautifully." Mentally, the President seems the same old Reagan. As one of his



Leader Robert Michel pressed the President to support a plan to insure the elderly and disabled against the costs of catastrophic illness. Reagan responded by saying that he liked the idea of such a plan for "those over 65," then drifted into an oft-repeated anecdote about a welfare family living in a midtown New York City hotel at high cost to taxpayers. Even after some participants tried to steer him back to health insurance, the President repeated the totally unrelated anecdote. At a domestic-policy-council meeting on the health-insurance issue, Reagan read a letter from a 17-year-old California girl who has since died of cancer, even though it had no relevance to the plan for the elderly.

Some aides, in his defense, argue that Reagan was resorting to an old trick of gently turning aside unwelcome advice by telling stories, relevant or not. "It's very typical of him to deflect what he doesn't want to hear," says an intimate. But even if that is so, Reagan was still ducking the issue. Having initially embraced the concept of catastrophic health insurance, the President has avoided deciding an argument among his aides as to what type of plan to propose.

He has been similarly unwilling to flesh out any of the other nebulous proposals he will unveil in the State of the Union speech next week. During one Cabinet meeting in December, Secretary of Education William Bennett listened as bland proposals were presented and then, hoping to spur discussion about the next step in the Reagan revolution, pronounced the prospective agenda "boring, boring, boring." The President just listened politely, and nothing new emerged. Partly it is a matter of selective engagement: Reagan enjoyed meeting last November with a group of futurists who discussed their vision of the 21st century, but he does not seem bothered by not having had a director of policy planning since last September.

During his first term, Reagan was occasionally pushed into greater involvement with his policies. Aides such as Edwin Meese, James Baker, Michael Deaver and William Clark would argue issues in his presence. The disputes forced Reagan to focus and drew him toward decisions. But in two years as chief of staff, Donald Regan has kept most of such controversy away from the President. Regan generally mediates the battles and presents the President with sanitized position papers that give little hint of the acapophony outside. Says one alumnus of the White House staff: "Regan sits through two-hour meetings, then gives the President a two-minute synopsis. Reagan does best when he is challenged. Regan has taken away the challenge."

It would be unfair, however, to put all the blame on Regan for increasing the President's detachment. The system has prevailed because Reagan likes it. "He is very comfortable the way it is," says a friend. "If he needed more, I think he'd ask for it."

—By George J. Church

Reported by Barrett Seaman/Washington

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Toting a New Magic Wand

Down the hall a stealthy step or two from the President's office, an aide wonders aloud, "Can the Gipper get back the old magic? That's the question." It happens to be the same question they ask a mile away at the Capitol end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Senators and Congressmen clear their throats, look over their shoulders and mutter that the emperor has no clothes now—and with the threads went the magic. Nobody is quite certain of the answer, but the Washington world is clearly divided.

Enter the Gipper himself, half convalescent and half President, treading gingerly but gaining strength. There are a few more wrinkles around his eyes, and his weight is down a couple of pounds from the hospital stay. Color a bit bleached. But every vital sign normal, and the crew of doctors unanimous in their belief that he is hale physically. Being President actually prolongs a man's life, statistics suggest. "The doctors said he had the insides of a 50-year-old, and I intend to keep him that way," says Nancy Reagan.

Meetings are shorter. Reagan goes back to the living quarters at midday. No state functions are set for a few weeks. Horseback riding is out. Plenty of rest, much laughter. At last week's Cabinet meeting, he laid off jolly beans. He's tentative about the big things.



Entering his first post-surgery Cabinet meeting

"You're telling us," grumps a congressional partisan. The President uses a little list to keep his subjects straight when he talks to members of Congress. But he still gets the subjects out of whack, tells anecdotes that don't fit, isn't sure where the agenda stands or even what is on it. "He sometimes seems a bit disoriented," claims a Senator.

"Sounds familiar," suggests one of Washington's distinguished barristers, who used to work for Eisenhower. Congress lives on details. Most Presidents hate them. "That man does

not deserve to be President," roared Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson one day about Ike. Reason: Johnson had asked the President about several programs and pieces of legislation, and Ike wasn't sure what they were about and was utterly baffled over which committees were considering them. "So what's new?" asked a White House staff member. "Ronald Reagan is just the way he has been for the past six years. He doesn't know the details, and he isn't going to change now." What's new, of course, is that by not knowing the details of Oliver North's activities, the President landed in one big heap of trouble. Is America going to forget and forgive that over the next two years? Indeed, won't there be another blooper or two or more if Reagan wanders along leaving all operations in the hands of aides who have not exactly distinguished themselves lately?

"Before Christmas he had four or five of the toughest meetings I've ever been in," claims a Reagan man. "Everybody was unloading on him. He just listened—and told his anecdotes." Most of the advice—to fire Chief of Staff Don Regan and claim the whole Iran arms deal was a mistake—has gone unheeded. "I don't like lynch mobs," the President told some friends. Read: Regan says. "Not by damn sight am I going to accept the status quo," he declared at one of last week's sessions. Translation: Regan is not going to stop experimenting because he fumbled.

The interim conclusion is that while the world around him has changed, Ronald Reagan remains the same. Over Christmas he wore a necktie that played *Jingle Bells* when he pressed a tiny switch. He's brought in one of his old world wizards, Ken Khachigian, to help sculpt his State of the Union address, which Regan is counting on to be boffo theater and rekindle the lost love. When his crew of surgeons watched him sip hot water before a radio address, he reassured them. "Both a minister and Frank Sinatra said they used hot water to help their voices, so it must be true."

With guidance like that, the President better have some of the old magic. Maybe he does. When he showed up for that radio talk, he was proudly toting the wand that was given to him a few weeks ago by Magician Doug Henning (*The Magic Show*).

Nation

Take the Money And Run

Congress blushes at a pay hike

Like most people, highly placed public servants yearn for fatter paychecks. Unlike most people, some of those public servants—namely, Congressmen—are in a position to vote raises for themselves. Or cuts. In the Depression year of 1932, a politically prudent concern for seaminess prompted Congress to slash its salaries 10%. That is not likely to happen in 1987. But as members of the 100th Congress weigh the very real financial needs of officials in all branches of Government, including themselves, they are painfully aware of how public sentiment is running. During a call-in poll last month, ABC television recorded 167,600 votes opposing proposed pay hikes for top Government officials, vs. only 5,800 favoring the raises.

To its acute discomfort, Congress must consider the recommendation submitted by President Reagan on Jan. 5 for \$55 million in raises for the top 3,000 federal officials. The package would provide pay hikes of as much as 15.6% for Senators, Representatives, federal judges, Cabinet members and the Vice President.

The increases are far from unwarranted. In the past 17 years the purchasing power of these officials has fallen 41%, making Government service less attractive than ever to the nation's best and brightest. Some 40 federal judges

have left the bench since 1980 for want of better pay. In Washington, public officials are surrounded by serious money. Senators are regularly interviewed by network correspondents who make ten times their salaries; \$77,400-a-year Congressmen are under steady siege by Washington lawyers and lobbyists making \$200,000 or more.

Still, Americans find it difficult to sympathize with public officials whose income is already five times the national average. Moreover, Consumer Activist Ralph Nader points out that Congress pocketed an automatic pay increase of \$2,500 on Jan. 1; in the last session, the


raises to a vote. Byrd also hopes to impose stricter limits on honorariums that can boost Senators' incomes by more than \$30,000 a year.

The Senate can afford to reject the raises, since the increases cannot be stopped unless the House also votes to block them. The House will do nothing of the sort. Speaker Jim Wright's strategy of passive nonresistance has bipartisan support. Says Republican Leader Robert Michel: "There is no law requiring a vote." The relevant House committees have not even called for hearings on the raises.

The House might have found it more difficult to stand by in silence if Ronald Reagan had not pored down the even steeper increases recommended by a presidential commission. Those proposals, initially favored by Reagan, called for raises as high as 74% for Senators and Congressmen, probably well beyond the level of public tolerance. Unfortunately, the slimmed-down proposals gutted pay increases that would have helped stop talent from seeping out of the federal judicial system. Many judges feel betrayed by the cut-back in their expected raises.

Congress remains nervous about the come-from-behind increases. Letters are pouring in protesting the planned duplicity, and Nader and several populist Congressmen expect to challenge the constitutionality of the raises if they are promulgated by default. For the legislators, the best thing about the pay boost is the timing: nearly two years before the next elections. After pocketing the money, Congress can only hope constituents forgive and forget.

By Howard G. Chua-Eoan.
Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington



FEDERAL SALARIES			
	Present	Commission recommendation	Reagan proposal
Cabinet members	\$88,800	\$160,000	\$99,500
Congress	\$77,400	\$135,000	\$89,500
District-court judges	\$81,100	\$130,000	\$89,500

members voted themselves a \$3,000 tax deduction on housing costs. So how do politicians find a politic way of giving themselves a raise? Under a law passed in 1985, if Congress simply does nothing, the new pay scale will automatically take effect on Feb. 5, a month after it was presented to the legislature. But the Senate, for one, has opted for bluster and the appearance of self-sacrifice. This week Majority Leader Robert Byrd promises to put

In Tip-Top Shape

While Congress attempts to tiptoe around the issue of federal raises, its most prominent pensioner has left the constraints of a Government salary far behind. Tip O'Neill in retirement is Tip O'Neill in clover. Had he stayed on as Speaker of the House, O'Neill, 74, would be earning \$100,800. In retirement, he stands to rake in as much as \$400,000 this year.

To supplement his \$83,000 federal pension, O'Neill recently signed a contract to deliver six speeches a year at \$20,000 each. He has a \$1.5 million deal with Random House for his autobiography, which is due out this fall. He turned down invitations to join the boards of three major corporations. O'Neill has also spurned offers to appear in an American Express commercial and on *Hollywood Squares*, and to play a judge on *Superior Court*. Says he: "I am trying not to exploit the office of Speaker. If people are still interested in me in six months, then we might talk. But for right now, nothing."

However, O'Neill has been listening to his old golfing buddy Gerald Ford. The former President has proposed that they team up for celebrity tournaments, which have suppl-

mented Ford's income since he left the White House in 1977. Tip is finding there's plenty of green outside the Beltway, and it isn't all on the golf course.



O'Neill on the links with Bob Hope, Jack Nicklaus and Ford in 1983

Raising the \$3.35 Minimum

Many see it as "chump change"

They are dirty jobs, but someone has to do them: messenger, storeroom clerk, cook in a fast-food restaurant. The work requires few skills, pays little and offers almost no chance for advancement. Minimum-wage jobs. In the 1980s earning a living at minimal pay is more difficult than ever. During the inflationary spiral of the late '70s, the minimum wage was increased almost yearly, but since Ronald Reagan took office in 1981, the standard has been frozen at \$3.35 an hour. Not since World War II has it gone unchanged for so long.

"The minimum wage is not a living wage," says Senator Edward Kennedy, the Massachusetts Democrat, "and it is not a decent society in which a full-time job means a lifetime in poverty." For the 5 million people earning the minimum wage or less out of 58 million hourly workers, a full-time job means \$6,968 a year at most. The poverty line for a single person is \$5,469 a year, for two people \$6,998, and for a family of four \$10,989.

As the new chairman of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, Kennedy is expected to push for an increase in the minimum wage during this Congress. In the House, New York Democrat Mario Biaggi has submitted a bill to raise the current rate to \$5.05 an hour over a five-year period and index it after 1991 to half of average hourly earnings. The present minimum is less than 38% of average pay.

Kennedy and Biaggi will face formidable opposition from those who claim that an increase will only lead to higher unemployment and inflation. Hiking the minimum has a ripple effect on the pay scale, says Mark A. de Bernardo, manager of labor law at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. "When you raise somebody's wages by a dollar," says de Bernardo, "then those people who are making a dollar more have to be raised as well." Higher labor costs to employers, he contends, will lead to higher prices and less service for consumers. Moreover, employers would fire laborers to make ends meet. If the minimum is raised, says Clifford Fry, an economist and chairman of the University of Houston's finance department, "companies will reduce payrolls and get rid of marginal workers. This will keep the poor and unskilled from being employed."

Yet advocates of an increase believe it would address one of the more confounding problems of the poverty cycle, what has been called the "chump change" dilemma: many able-bodied poor people see no profit in working for low wages when they can often earn more in welfare or hustling on the street. The problem is most severe among inner-city black youths, who make up the largest segment



Taking orders at a New York fast-food outlet

The wage has been frozen for six years.

of the nation's unemployed. Many liberals and labor leaders argue that upping the minimum wage will encourage more people to seek employment and get off the welfare rolls.

But even some supporters of a hike acknowledge that an increased minimum wage would still be disdained by large numbers of jobless young people, who are not inspired by the prospect of flipping hamburgers at a fast-food franchise. "These are dead-end jobs," says Lorna Barnes, an account executive at Chicago's Minority Economic Resources Corporation, which trains and places young people in jobs. Barnes contends that an aggressive job-education and retraining program would have far greater impact than a minimum-wage increase. That seems to be one idea on which left and right can agree: the Reagan Administration has proposed an \$800 million training program for youths receiving welfare benefits. Without the skills to build a career, workers will find the minimum wage is chump change no matter how high it goes.

—By Jacob V. Lumar Jr.

Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington



Semper Fie

A Marine is arrested for spying

Marine Sergeant Clayton Lonetree, 25, was so highly regarded at his job as security guard at the U.S. embassy in Moscow that in November 1985 he was detached for special duty at the Reagan-Gorbachev summit in Geneva. Last week Lonetree sat in a brig at the Marine base at Quantico, Va., suspected by his superiors of helping the Soviet KGB filch classified U.S. documents from diplomatic offices in Moscow and Vienna.

Lonetree, authorities said, had an affair with a female KGB agent who was reportedly working as a translator at the embassy. The woman took him home a number of times, introducing him to her "Uncle Sasha," who was actually a KGB agent. The translator had been among 260 Soviets employed by the U.S. embassy in Moscow and the consulate in Leningrad until the Kremlin pulled them out last October to protest Washington's expulsion of 80 Soviet diplomats.

Although Navy investigators are still assessing the damage Lonetree may have caused, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger said the case represents a "potentially serious set of intelligence losses." Among the duties assigned to the Marine guard, who served in Moscow from September 1984 until last March and then in Vienna until December, were checking empty offices for unsecured documents and disposing of "burn bags" containing classified material to be destroyed. Pentagon sources indicate that Lonetree not only provided the Soviets with secret papers but also told them the names of CIA personnel in the two embassies, detailed the work habits of the American staff members and sketched the layout of the Moscow and Vienna embassy offices. Eventually Lonetree felt trapped by his Soviet controllers and turned himself in to U.S. authorities in Vienna.

The son of a Winnebago Indian father and a Navajo Indian mother, Lonetree joined the Marines in 1980. In Moscow he was one of 30 guards at the embassy. Subject to strict rules of conduct about associating with Soviet citizens, the Marines are forbidden to leave the embassy alone without permission, although that regulation is sometimes skirted.

While military lawyers were considering possible charges to bring against Lonetree—including espionage, which carries a possible death sentence—the situation served to illustrate the continuing problem of security breaches by low-level personnel. Like Lonetree, Navy Yeoman Michael Walker, 24, convicted last year of sending classified material from the aircraft carrier *Nimitz* to his father, Soviet Spy John Walker, had easy access to sensitive documents; he too was on the burn-bag squad. ■



Lonetree

Nation



A Connecticut Yankee at a Texas ranch: as a war pilot and oilman, he tried to please an imposing father, and later a popular President

Where Is the Real George Bush?

The Vice President must now step out from Reagan's shadow

All the factors and issues involved in deciding a presidential election notwithstanding, voters ultimately tend to select the individual whose character and ideals they think are most suited to the challenges of the job. This is the first in a series of occasional *TIME* profiles that will attempt to give a sense of the personal characteristics and individual outlooks of the major potential 1988 contenders.



November was drawing to a close, and though the Iran arms scandal was an accelerating political danger, the President, even in private conversation, still refused to concede error. George Bush confided to a friend that he was troubled by Ronald Reagan's position. "He won't even listen to the word mistake," related Bush. The President, he told the friend, had to make some kind of move. It was a rare lapse for the fastidious Vice President: even with close friends, he maintains a total blackout about his dealings with Reagan.

Bush's discipline in that regard has been astonishing. At White House meetings, he stays mostly silent. One man who has attended hundreds of small sessions with Bush says he has no idea what the Vice President really thinks. When the aides who prepare him for his weekly one-on-one luncheon with the President grow curious about the fate of their ideas and

ask about Reagan's reactions, the Vice President clams up. He is determined that no one discern differences between himself and the President.

Such unquenchable loyalty fits Bush's upright nature. Yet he has so drastically subordinated himself, become such a burbling presidential cheerleader, that his own political identity is almost unrecognizable. Often he seems politically frightened, a finicky, pandering man with no mind of his own. But there is far more to Bush. He is, in private, vastly self-assured, opinionated, almost bullheaded in his views. What happens to all this confidence when George Bush is called upon to be his own man? Does he have the personal force and imagination for real leadership, or is he just a sycophantic smoothie hanging on by his fingernails?

Family members recall that in his youth, success was always paramount with George. In 1943, at 18, he became the youngest pilot in the Navy. He won the Distinguished Flying Cross for bravery under fire. Longtime friends believe that Bush, one of four sons, was determined to please his imposing father, Prescott Bush, a Wall Street banker who later became a U.S. Senator from Connecticut. However it happened, the son has ever since been in physical overdrive.

Bush is a man of action rather than reflection. He prefers talking out problems to reading written staff summaries.

Doubts about a particular decision set off a flurry of activity, as though sheer motion will somehow make them go away. Campaigning, he moves along an airport rope line, a metallic smile flashing on and off his face, racing almost manically through the process. It is no surprise that the Vice President greatly prefers powerboats to sail. Power, he says, saves time.

Ideas and ideologies do not move Bush. People and their problems do. Domestic issues, in particular, stir him little. One man interviewed by Bush in 1980 for a senior post on his presidential campaign staff asked the candidate what two or three issues mattered most to him. Bush paused, then answered in his own way: he would put the best people in charge and create a superb Government. Colleagues say that while Bush understands thoroughly the complexities of issues, he does not easily fit them into larger themes.

This has led to the charge that he lacks vision. It rattles him. Recently he asked a friend to help him identify some cutting issues for next year's campaign. Instead, the friend suggested that Bush go alone to Camp David for a few days to figure out where he wanted to take the country. "Oh," said Bush in clear exasperation, "the vision thing." The friend's advice did not impress him.

Bush's greatest strength as a national candidate is his broad and energetically cultivated understanding of global politics. When he visits world leaders, he is no longer the loquaciously warm Vice President; he speaks out, and with assurance. Today Bush is far less conciliatory about the Soviets than when he served in the early

1970s as United Nations Ambassador and envoy to China; a subsequent stint as director of the CIA acutely altered his views of the Kremlin's objectives around the world. Bush the moderate became more hawkish. Now he speaks out sharply in behalf of the Nicaraguan *contras* and is not reluctant to employ weapons and money elsewhere to expand democracy. Meanwhile he pushes, even in the worst of times, for continued dialogue with Moscow. In doing so, he plays an important role in keeping the President's more aggressive tendencies in check.

An unfailingly courteous man, Bush sometimes seems to spring from another era. When he meets people, he pulls his feet together and deferentially drops his head. Even the flustered moral indignation he displays under attack has an old-world quality. He is not self-pitying, and the business of getting even—a favorite pastime of other politicians—does not interest him.

"There isn't a bitter bone in the guy's body," says an old congressional friend.

Away from the office, he pours his energy into diverse interests: fishing, tennis, listening to country-music favorites like Dolly Parton and Crystal Gayle, replanting his blueberry bushes. At Kennebunkport, Me., where the Bushes own a sprawling seashore house, the Vice President spends hours at the wheel of his 28-ft. boat, *Fidelity*, skipping across choppy water at 50 m.p.h., dodging lobster pots in his path. He stays close to his five children and ten grandchildren and relies heavily on his wife Barbara, a vibrant, strong-minded woman who is far less forgiving of criticism than is her husband.

Thoroughly unpretentious, Bush is touchy about even the symbols of elitism. His reaction to being called preppie was to stop wearing button-down shirts and striped ties. No matter how Bush modifies the costume, his Eastern roots show clearly. He has a duke's air of natural inflexibility. Hence, while paid political operators are viewed strictly as hired help, volunteers win Bush's high admiration.

Colleagues at the Republican National Committee remember that Chairman Bush usually made decisions only after carefully totting up the pluses and minuses. His view of the vice presidency is comparably cautious. In an Administration whose President is guided to an almost unprecedented degree by staff consensus, Bush—its most experienced member—has pulled back from the vital give-and-take of policy preparation. His chief mechanism for influencing policy is a private relationship with Reagan. At the White House, associates remember the Vice President's clear discomfort with proposals aimed at rolling back civil

rights legislation. After numerous meetings in the Oval Office, a few aides cornered Bush and urged him to confront Reagan. The Vice President was reluctant. Reagan, he said, had already made up his mind. In their sessions alone, Bush takes pains not to make Reagan uncomfortable. The President grumbles about overzealous advisers but never about Bush. The Vice President does not push.

The explanation for Bush's approach is simple. He aches to be President, and to win that prize must endure certain deferential, hand-dirtying things. Thus he had to neutralize conservatives, who for years have scorned him. His courtship of Religious Leader Jerry Falwell last year reeked of ambition. Bush addressed Falwell's followers and heaped extravagant praise on the preacher. A month earlier he accepted an invitation to speak at a dinner honoring New Hampshire's right-wing publisher, the late William Loeb. For years Loeb had abused Bush in print, labeling him an in-

have tirelessly courted the Reagans, routinely dispatching approving notes after public appearances by the President or his wife. Reagan himself held no such dark feelings about Bush and told him so.

Frustrated by Reagan's immobility, the Vice President finally delivered a speech declaring bluntly what the battered President would not: the Administration had made serious mistakes. Afterward, congratulations poured in from Bush supporters around the country. At Hobe Sound, Fla., the Vice President's mother and sister had watched in approval. This time, they agreed, George did not sound like a cheerleader.

Now, with a new year under way and the trials of 1988 looming, Bush sat in his White House office, legs stretched out in front of him, sipping a cup of Chinese tea. At 62, the Vice President is remarkably fit. His ruddy face is unlined, his hair only slightly gray. Dark blue eyes focused intently through his rimless aviator glasses.

Bush was unruffled as he listened to questions about his political nerve. "I know inside," he said, quietly tapping his chest. "I've got a lot of fiber here." He conceded he had been somewhat excessive in wooing conservatives but felt comfortable with it. There was, after all, a fundamental conservative underpinning to his philosophy, he said.

He was indeed engaged in the formation of policy, Bush pointed out. Cabinet officers regularly called him with proposals for Reagan. He heard often from old colleagues on the Hill. "I've helped on a lot of issues," he emphasized, his hands extended forward as if holding an invisible melon. "I've made this thing work."

There was plenty of time, Bush observed, to define himself better. Sometime this year he would make clear where he thought the country needed to head. Bush stopped for a moment and gazed across the long rectangular office. "It's going to hurt me some down the road," he said. No matter what the pressure, the Vice President declared, he would not identify any issues on which he differed with Reagan. "I'm not going to separate myself from the President," Bush said.

He will in the end fall back on his enormous energy and zeal. Motion, if nothing else, always makes Bush feel more like his own man. He has for six years buried any differences with Reagan. Establishing the independence and vitality of his own ideas will be a painful task. For behind all the motion there is a shallowness to Bush. He will have to do more than serve up the safe and the obvious. The real dilemma of his vice-presidential silence is that George Bush still must prove he has something to say.

—By Robert A. Jensen



A manic campaigner in New Hampshire: erasing doubts through motion

"Inside," he says, tapping his chest, "I've got a lot of fiber."

competent hypocrite and, even worse, a wimp. So ingratiating were the Vice President's remarks about Loeb that some of Bush's family members argued with one another about his showing up.

Bush has long been a dangerously awkward speaker. He often sets off in one direction at the beginning of a sentence and wanders off in another before it ends. Metaphors do not track. Phrases with a tinny ring—"I really went ape" or "I was in deep doo-doo"—pour out of him involuntarily. Excitable on his feet, a man who lunges for political bait, the Vice President is a high risk in debates.

Late last year, as he carefully navigated through the Iran uproar, the Vice President showed an uncharacteristic little blip of daring. His four-week silence after the scandal surfaced had drawn considerable sneering. Even Nancy Reagan privately began running him down. She told friends that Bush's lack of public support for her husband was inexcusable, a remarkable reaction considering the Vice President's long compliant service. Bush and his wife

A Tragic Repeat

Two planes collide over Utah

The circumstances were chillingly similar. Last Aug. 31 a small private plane took off from a suburban Los Angeles airfield, flew into the restricted airspace that protects Los Angeles International Airport without informing controllers, and collided with an Aeromexico jetliner. Eighty-two people died. Last week a single-engine Mooney aircraft lifted off from a municipal airfield 15 miles south of Salt Lake City, intruded without warning into the restricted zone around the city's international airport, and struck a SkyWest commuter airliner. All ten people in the two planes were killed.

In each case visibility was excellent. In each, the pilots of the commercial aircraft were being guided by airport controllers. And in each, the small planes were flying under "see and avoid" rules in which controllers are not responsible for their flight paths.

"We'll never know if anybody was looking out the window," an air-traffic-control expert said of the two-man crew in the SkyWest Metro and the pilot and flight instructor occupying the Mooney. A priority rule of flying, regardless of whether controllers are monitoring a flight, is that someone must always be watching for oth-



The remains of a mistake in the air

er air traffic. When the two planes collided about 2,400 ft. above the Salt Lake valley, visibility was 20 miles.

Investigators said Pilot Chester Baker, owner of the Mooney, and Instructor Paul Lietz had been practicing "touch and go" landings and takeoffs at an airport near Kearns, Utah. At about 12:50 p.m. Baker touched down briefly, then lifted off and climbed sharply upward. The Metro, en route from Pocatello, Idaho, with six passengers and two crew members, was about to make a turn for

its approach to the international airport.

The SkyWest aircraft "was inbound and doing exactly what he was supposed to do," said Tom Doyle, an assistant air-traffic manager at the main airport. As for the Mooney, Doyle said, "I don't know where that aircraft was." Investigators said the Mooney may have been "squawking" with a transponder—a device that amplifies its radar reflection—since printouts indicate its blip may have appeared on one radar screen. If so, why had the controller not warned the commuter pilot? A possible explanation: the Mooney was not transmitting information on its altitude, and thus the danger was not apparent.

The Mooney pilot, moreover, had not checked in with controllers as required. "He busted the ARSA," said Don Moffitt, a Salt Lake City tower manager, referring to the Airport Radar Service Area in which all planes must be directed by controllers.

The collision was a postscript to a year in which 828 near-midairs were reported to the Federal Aviation Administration. The agency's boss, Donald Engen, noted that the FAA will soon introduce new air-collision warning devices for airliners and more sophisticated computers for the air-traffic control system, but he suggested that the "solution to the midair collision threat will still be the pilot." There is no substitute, Engen said, "for a vigilant airman's eye."

—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Mike Carter/Kearns

Between Friends

Mayor Koch and Queen Bess

Few people have paraded before the public in quite as many guises as New York City's Bess Myerson. The willowy brunette from the Bronx catapulted to prominence in 1945 as the first Jewish woman to become Miss America. In the 1950s, she was a television game-show star on *The Big Payoff*. By the early '70s, Myerson had entered government, making headlines as New York City Mayor John Lindsay's crusading commissioner of consumer affairs. In the city's 1977 mayoral race, the former beauty queen hitched her star to Ed Koch, accompanying the bachelor Congressman throughout his campaign. Said Koch after his victory: "I couldn't have done it without her." Following Myerson's unsuccessful try for the U.S. Senate in 1980, Koch appointed his close ally commissioner of cultural affairs in 1983.

Last week Myerson's political star dimmed considerably as she found herself embroiled in the scandals that have rocked New York over the past year. In a statement, Myerson, 62, announced that she is taking a 90-day unpaid leave from her \$83,000-a-year job during a special city probe of her activities. Myerson also disclosed that she is the subject of a federal grand jury investigation into the activities of her companion, City Contractor Carl Capasso. Capasso, 41, was indicted



Better days: Hizzoner and Myerson in 1985
The former Miss America takes the Fifth.

the next day on charges that he evaded paying \$774,600 in corporate and personal taxes.

Myerson's troubles began last month, when she invoked her Fifth Amendment right to remain silent during an appearance before the grand jury. She informed Koch of the incident only after a local television newscast reported it two weeks ago. Although Myerson explained that she had taken the Fifth on the advice of her lawyer, the mayor was distressed. Just

six months earlier, he had threatened to fire city officials who failed to cooperate in such probes. Said Koch: "I want to find out the reasons for her appearance at the grand jury and whether her taking the Fifth Amendment in any way involves her performance as commissioner."

The mayor will appoint a special outside counsel to look into two allegations against Myerson: that she improperly used her influence to solicit a \$53.6 million city sewer-renovation contract for Capasso, and that she abused her power by giving a job to the daughter of the judge who presided over Capasso's bitter divorce in 1983. During the divorce proceedings, Capasso's wife Nancy accused Myerson of "stealing" her husband. Records of the divorce action have been subpoenaed by the grand jury investigating Capasso.

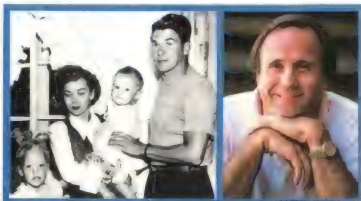
As she left city hall last week, Myerson insisted she would return. "I have done nothing wrong," she declared. "I state unequivocally that I never in any way helped Mr. Capasso to get any city contract." But the mayor, who has been stung by criminal prosecutions against more than half a dozen city officials, was hedging his bets on whether his erstwhile ally would reclaim her position. Said Koch: "I am withholding my judgment as it relates to her situation." Despite Myerson's determination, the former beauty queen may find herself ruefully pondering Shakespeare's famous lines about the head that wears a crown.

—By Jennifer Hall.
Reported by Raji Sanghabadi/New York

American Notes



Ousted: Omaha's Boyle with his tearful wife Anne



The Reagans in 1946 with Michael in Wyman's arms; the budding author today

NEBRASKA

"Irresponsible And Childish"

When Democrat Michael Boyle, 43, won his second term as mayor of Omaha in 1985, some supporters touted him as a candidate for Governor of Nebraska. In the past year, however, Boyle's erratic behavior convinced most Omahans that he was unfit even for city hall. Among other embarrassing incidents, the mayor fired the police chief in a feud over traffic tickets issued to his family, and was seen tossing a pat of butter at a county official during a dinner meeting. Last October a citizens' committee charged Boyle with abuse of power, denounced him as "irresponsible, petty and at times downright childish" and called for his ouster.

Although Boyle promised to reform, Omaha voters went to the polls in record numbers last week for a recall election. By a convincing tally of 55,275 votes to 42,832, they turned Boyle out. The city council will appoint a new mayor.

PUERTO RICO

Murder, 96 Counts

"His intention was to scare people," said a San Juan police spokesman of Hector Escudero Aponte. But when the kitchen

worker at the labor-troubled Dupont Plaza hotel ignited a container of cooking fuel atop a stack of furniture boxes in the hotel ballroom on New Year's Eve, he set off a conflagration that killed 96 people. Police said Escudero admitted his role in the second worst hotel fire in U.S. history after witnesses led investigators to him. He was accused of 96 counts of murder, as well as charges of arson and conspiracy. The next day authorities arrested Armando Jimenez Rivera, a busboy, for allegedly providing Escudero with the fuel. Both men pleaded innocent; further arrests are expected.

RAILROADS

"Human Performance"

Two weeks after the Amtrak-Conrail collision outside Baltimore that claimed 16 lives, investigators from the Federal Railroad Administration had yet to find an equipment failure that would account for the tragedy. Instead, said FRA Administrator John Riley, the probe was focusing on the "human performance" of the train crews—and the evidence was disturbing.

For starters, both trains were speeding. The Amtrak passenger train was 23 miles over its limit of 105 m.p.h., and the Conrail freight locomotives were traveling at 62 to 65 m.p.h., although a signal had

warned the crew to slow down to 30.

Blood and urine samples from the Conrail crew indicated marijuana use by Engineer Richard Gates and brakeman Edward Cromwell. Though the FRA has not said whether the amounts found are sufficient to prove Gates and Cromwell were intoxicated at the time, railroad workers are forbidden to work under the influence of drugs or alcohol. The National Transportation Safety Board now recommends that all trains operating between Washington and Boston be equipped with automatic braking devices that would stop a train even if engineers did not heed track signals.

WOMEN

Stretching Their Options

That now infamous 1986 Yale-Harvard study, the one giving college-educated single women over 30 a 1-in-5 chance of ever marrying, has taken a beating. A report released last week by the Census Bureau reckons that fully two-thirds of the 30-plus college cohort will eventually marry. When these single college graduates pass 40, according to Census Researcher Jeanne E. Moorman, 17% to 23% will tie the knot; the Yale-Harvard study predicted a minuscule 1.3% marriage rate.

Moorman criticizes the

earlier report for assuming that a woman who has not married within a narrow band of years has dealt herself out of the matrimonial pool. College women, she says, "are spreading out their marriages over a longer period."

THE FIRST FAMILY

Daddy Dearest

Like all the President's children, Michael Reagan, 41, has had a rather protean career. He has been a boat salesman, gasoline entrepreneur and soap opera actor. This year Michael, the adopted son of Ronald Reagan and his first wife Actress Jane Wyman, will try his hand at writing. His family is not likely to be pleased.

Michael has accepted a contract from little-known Zebra Books for a memoir titled *From the Outside Looking In*, concerning his distant relationship with his famous parents and stepmother. His literary agent, Scott Meredith, calls it a "very factual and very, very frank" account of being "adopted and then forgotten." Another publisher, however, describes it as "nasty" and "skewed." News of the younger Reagan's latest venture came as an unpleasant surprise to the White House. Said an aide to the President: "He hasn't black-sheeped us lately, but, apparently, he's back."

World

CHINA

Deng Cracks Down

A month of student demonstrations leads to a party shake-up

The opening image on the Chinese evening news program last week showed instantly that something major was afoot. Instead of his customary Western-style coat and tie, the anchorman was dressed in a somber blue-gray Mao suit. Behind his head, a backdrop of Chinese characters spelled out the legend AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM AN ENLARGED MEETING OF THE POLITBURO. The newscaster's report was brief—and startling. Hu Yaobang, the man widely expected to succeed Deng Xiaoping, 82, at China's helm, had resigned. Moreover, he had quit as Communist Party chief "after making a self-criticism of his mistakes on major issues." Hu would remain a member of the Politburo and retain his post on the powerful Standing Committee, but his party post would pass to Premier Zhao Ziyang.

With that announcement, the course of China's Second Revolution was suddenly called into question. A country that has gone through several abrupt changes of political direction in the past 40 years was perhaps about to face another major shift. During the past decade, Deng led the most adventurous economic reform program ever undertaken by a Communist country, and Hu, 71, was his steadfast second in command. The two pushed through economic liberalizations that freed the country from the iron hand of central planners and opened a road that appeared to lead eventually to more personal liberties.

But from the beginning Deng's revolution has faced the dilemma of combining economic and political liberalization. Could China free its economy without loosening the political system and allowing more democracy? During the past month that issue has been taken into the streets. Thousands of students around the country demonstrated for more political freedom, often burning Communist Party papers and denouncing party leaders.

Deng the Reformer has always been something of an enigma. He has strongly supported economic change while remaining wary of political reforms. Personal experiences during the chaotic Mao years, particularly the anarchy of the Cultural Rev-



Happier times: the aging leader, on the sofa, shares a laugh with his protégé, Hu Yaobang

olution (1966-76), convinced Deng that even a modest amount of dissent could rapidly spin out of control. Uneasily, he let his protégé explore possible avenues of change. Under Hu, members of the Communist Party went so far as to question the party's right to rule, and they encouraged greater freedom of expression among artists and intellectuals.

When the student protests erupted last month, however, Deng aborted the experiment. The move convinced some China watchers that Deng would sacrifice anything rather than risk political upheavals. His tough stance on the protests was made clear in the first directive of 1987 issued by the Central Committee. It quoted Deng as saying, "When necessary, we must deal severely with those who defy orders. We can afford to shed some blood. Just try as much as possible not to kill anyone."

There seems little doubt that Deng personally engineered Hu's downfall. The two men, who have been friends and ideological allies for 40 years, are said to have bitterly quarreled in recent weeks. Deng reportedly berated Hu for failing to take effective and decisive action to stop the student protests. Hu also crossed Deng by standing up for writers who have been critical of the party and its rigid policies.

However rancorous the exchanges between China's two top leaders may have been, it is unlikely that Deng acted impetuously over a clash of wills. In pushing Hu from the No. 2 spot, Deng knew he would destroy his own carefully crafted succession scheme and fuel a conservative backlash that could present serious obstacles for his economic reforms. Deng's move may have been defensive, a pre-emptive strike designed to stop conservative forces, which were revving up to exploit the student demonstrations by seeking to roll back the economic and social reforms. In short, it is quite possible that Deng simply sacrificed Hu to save his cherished modernization program.



Moving up: Zhao



Heady days of unrest: young protesters parade through Shanghai to demand greater freedom

Deng now seems bent on proving that he is not the liberal reformer optimists had hoped for. He is widely believed to have ordered up Peking's current crackdown on "bourgeois liberalism," a reference essentially to any sort of behavior that deviates from orthodox Communism. "Deng has not been forced into a weak position by the conservatives," said a Western diplomat in Peking. "This has his full support." The campaign has been likened to the movement against "spiritual pollution" mounted by the government three years ago. But, as one Western diplomat noted, "the 1984 campaign was largely rhetorical. This one is a purge."

Even before Hu's ouster, the crackdown on dissent was under way. Early last week three prominent intellectuals were singled out for "bourgeois tendencies." On Monday it was announced on television that Astrophysicist Fang Lizhi, charged with defaming party leaders and slandering socialism, had been dismissed from his post as vice president at the University of Science and Technology in Hefei, where the student protests began in

early December. Fang's boss Guan Weiyan was charged with failing to keep Fang in line and was similarly dumped from his job. Writer Wang Ruowang, scolded for maintaining liberal ideas, was expelled from the Communist Party. A more cynical appraisal of the three men's crimes, they had applauded the recent exploits of the students, supported Western-style political pluralism and at one time or another enjoyed Hu's patronage.

By recent Chinese standards, the purge was mild. The two university officials were quickly reassigned to research posts in Peking, and Writer Wang essentially lost nothing more than his party card. "They are trying to have a different kind of purge," explained an East European analyst based in Peking. "They want to keep a balance between shutting off dissent and scaring all intellectuals."

Still, the atmosphere in Peking last week was redolent of more repressive days. Hu's public denunciation was certainly not as cruel as the brutal treatment he received during the Cultural Revolution, when his head was shaved and he was forced to

crawl on his hands and knees. But the painful return to forced self-criticism did not seem far off when Hu owned up last week to "mistakes on major issues of political principles." China's newspapers also ran self-criticism, bizarrely apologizing for stories written last fall. No less chilling was the group of scientists who appeared on the evening news to speak against Fang two days after the astrophysicist's dismissal. "These days," said a middle-aged Peking office worker, "it smells like gunpowder from the Cultural Revolution."

The odor is strongest in intellectual circles. The party expulsions left many academics, artists and writers wondering if China's intellectuals had once again been misled. In 1956 Mao launched the Hundred Flowers campaign, which invited criticism of party policies. The program took its name from the ancient Chinese slogan, "Let a hundred flowers bloom, and a hundred schools of thought contend." Those who dared to speak, however, became the targets of official wrath once the government line turned conservative. Chinese intellectuals fear they may again have been encouraged to stick out their necks, only to find that their heads will be chopped off.

Support from intellectuals and specialists is critical if reforms are to continue in industry, agriculture, science and technology, the areas of Deng's Four Modernizations. Last Monday Premier Zhao addressed 19 scientists and specialists. "The past eight years witnessed the best period for economic development," he said. "In those years Chinese intellectuals were entirely free from worry." The intellectuals are understandably skeptical and wary. One indication of their nervousness is that in recent weeks diplomats and foreign journalists have found it increasingly difficult to make contact with members of the Chinese intellectual elite.

Despite the new crackdown, Deng vows that China's economic reforms will continue. "Reform should be carried out in an orderly way," he said last week. "That means we must be bold and cautious." Caution is now assured, but whether the new climate will sustain boldness is another matter. It seems reasonable to assume that the reforms already under way will continue. But it appears unlikely that Deng's China will take any major steps forward for some time.

The man Deng selected to replace Hu as Communist Party chief is unlikely to press for greater political freedom. Zhao, 67, who will hold the title of acting General Secretary until the Central Committee confirms his appointment, is an agricultural expert who heartily embraces Deng's economic reforms. As No. 3 in the hierarchy, he has been regarded as less liberal than Hu on political matters, and considerably less outspoken. After a month of unruly students, that seems to be just what Deng wants.

—By Jill Smolowe, Reported by Jaime A. FlorCruz and Richard Hornik/Peking

World

THE GULF

Iran Strikes on Two Fronts

The long-expected "final offensive" may be on the way at last

Winter is the killing season in the swamps around the Persian Gulf. It is then that Iran, knowing the heavy rains will blunt the firepower of Iraq's tanks and air force, can most effectively launch its "human wave" assaults against the Iraqi marshlands. For months now, as it has for several winters past, the government of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini has been threatening to launch a "final offensive" against the Iraqis before the beginning of the Persian new year on March 21.

That offensive seemed at hand two weeks ago, when an estimated 35,000

their newly won pocket of territory but even to launch a second assault in the central sector to the east of the Iraqi capital of Baghdad. On Christmas Day the Iraqis turned back an Iranian assault in the southern region, killing an estimated 15,000 Iranians but losing perhaps 5,000 of their own soldiers in the process. This time the Iraqis seemed to be having trouble holding back the invading forces, and the death tolls were believed to be even heavier than in the Christmas fighting.

Day after day the two sides launched aerial and missile attacks on each other's

an occupiers of the Iraqi town of Fao, which was captured almost a year ago. The latest assault began scarcely 30 miles from the Kuwaiti border, and comes amid an ongoing Iranian campaign to put pressure on Iraq's Persian Gulf allies. Iran has been trying to intimidate Kuwait by attacking tankers carrying Kuwaiti oil out of the gulf. The latest target was the *Saudiyyeh*, a Kuwaiti-owned vessel that was bound for Pakistan last week when it was struck by a missile fired by an Iranian gunboat. Despite Iranian pressure, however, Kuwait has not backed away from its plan to serve as host of next week's Islamic summit conference.

As usual, Iran and Iraq reported wildly conflicting claims about the progress of the fighting. Lieut. General Abdel Jabar Muhsen, a spokesman for the Iraqi army, said in Baghdad that Iraqi forces



Expanding a bridgehead: the Ayatullah's men at Fao last year



Battling for Basra: Iraqi soldiers after a counterattack

Iranian Revolutionary Guards swarmed across the line dividing Iranian and Iraqi troops, some 20 miles to the east of Basra, Iraq's second largest city. Shouting "Allah akbar!" (God is great), they stormed over the barbed wire that crowned the embankments along a flooded artificial barrier called Fish Lake, inflicting heavy casualties on the dug-in Iraqi troops.

In Tehran, Iranian television showed pictures of slaughtered Iraqi soldiers lying face down in the muddy trenches. In Baghdad, Iraqi TV offered the same macabre programming, except that the corpses piled along barbed-wire fences were those of young Iranian soldiers. Once again the battlefield was, in the words of an Iraqi journalist, a "horrible massacre zone."

For the past year the strategic positions of the two sides have remained relatively static. In last week's battle, however, the Iranians managed not only to hold

cities. In a gesture that some observers interpreted as a sign of President Saddam Hussein's rising desperation, Iraqi warplanes repeatedly raided the Iranian holy city of Qum, a campaign calculated to infuriate the aging and increasingly frail ruler of the Islamic Republic. Reports continued to circulate in the West last week that Khomeini, 86, has been confined to bed for the past month and is extremely ill, perhaps near death.

The immediate objective of the current campaign, for which the Iranians have amassed at least 650,000 troops, is the port city of Basra (pop. 1 million). Iranian strategists hope that the fall of the city would lead to the collapse of Saddam Hussein and the creation of an Iranian-style Islamic republic. Basra, like Iran itself, is inhabited mainly by Shiite Muslims.

Another objective of the current drive in the south may be to link up with Irani-

had halted the Iranians' attempts to expand their bridgehead. He acknowledged that the Iranians continued to occupy a 4-sq.-mi. strip of land alongside Fish Lake, but contended that they were in effect pinned down there. One Iraqi communiqué boasted that the Iranians were being "systematically annihilated." The next day, however, Iran's news agency claimed that Iranian forces had pushed six miles farther into Iraqi territory, to a point only twelve miles from Basra, and were now occupying an area of 38 sq. mi.

While the Iraqis have the edge in air power, tanks and missiles, the Iranians have a 3-to-1 advantage over the Iraqis in population and thus military manpower. Says an Iraqi official candidly, "We cannot afford to lose 20,000 people in every battle." Throughout the week, there were signs of rising Iraqi concern over the war. Saddam Hussein made a rare visit to the southern front on the day the Iranians

"Some information you need to know."

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A cowboy wearing a white hat and a red jacket is riding a dark brown horse through a snowy, wooded area. The horse is partially submerged in a shallow stream. In the foreground, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are visible: a red pack labeled 'Marlboro' and a yellow pack labeled 'Marlboro 100's'.

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launched the second phase of their offensive. Western military analysts reported heavy Iraqi losses. Said a Cairo-based diplomat: "There was a higher number of casualties than usual, indicating that the Iraqis were not as well prepared as they usually are." Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak, one of Iraq's staunchest backers, telephoned Saddam Hussein for a war report. In an emergency, Egypt might decide to send troops to bail out the Baghdad regime.

Western experts are divided over the present state of the war. Hans Heino Koppitz of the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies believes the "final offensive" may turn out to be a series of attacks "over time and space" and that the current fighting may be the start of that process. From their new foothold on Iraqi territory, the Iraqis can shell Basra from a distance of only a few miles, he notes, adding, "As of now, Basra appears effectively to be under siege."

Other analysts argue that the Iraqis, with their superior firepower, should be able to drive the Iraqis back across the Shatt al Arab, the waterway that marks the southern border between the two countries. Says one Western military attaché: "The Iraqi strategy is to let the Iraqis come in, stop them, close off the pocket and just kill people." Even more important, this analyst believes, is the Iraqis' air superiority, which gives them the ability to carry the air war into Iranian territory whenever they choose.

In this endlessly confusing conflict, the role of the U.S. grows ever more bewildering. Officially the U.S. has remained neutral, but in November it became known that Washington was covertly shipping arms to Iran, though this weaponry does not appear to have played a significant role in the recent fighting. Later there were reports that Washington had provided Baghdad with certain military intelligence in order to avert the possibility of an Iraqi collapse. Finally there were allegations last week that the U.S. had given such intelligence information to both Iran and Iraq and that some of it had been deliberately distorted in an effort to prevent either side from scoring a victory.

Both the State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency denied the allegations. For State Department officials responsible for monitoring the war and managing the U.S.'s relations with its allies in the Middle East, the charges were yet another headache in the laborious process of maintaining a policy that is increasingly difficult to defend—or even understand.

—By William E. Smith. Reported by David S. Jackson and Scott MacLeod/Cairo



Unmasked: the gunmen in Beirut at the height of their short-lived power

TERRORISM

Wanted for Murder and Air Piracy

Frankfurt police arrest a suspect in the 1985 TWA hijacking

The world watched appalled for 17 days in June 1985 as the fate of passengers aboard hijacked TWA Flight 847 was decided. Two Muslim terrorists commandeered the aircraft between Athens and Rome and forced it to land in Beirut. There they singled out Robert Stethem, a 23-year-old Navy diver, tied his hands, beat him brutally and then shot him to death. Over the next two weeks the masked hijackers, reinforced by fellow terrorists, threatened to blow up the aircraft, while they gradually released all but 39 of the original 153 passengers. The remaining captives were set free after Syrian President Hafez Assad intervened.

Last week at Frankfurt airport, West German customs agents seized a man who had just arrived on a flight from Beirut. The arrest took place after officials noticed three suspicious-looking bottles in a suitcase the man had opened for inspection. Upon closer scrutiny, the agents recognized the liquid in the bottles as methylinitrate, an explosive similar to nitroglycerine. The man, who called himself "Youssef Rida," was immediately taken into custody and charged with planning a terrorist bombing.

The real news was still to come. A check of fingerprints supplied by the U.S. stunned West German officials. Declared West German Interior Minister Friedrich Zimmermann: "The man we captured is a big fish." Indeed he was: he was none other than Mohammed Ali Hamadei, 22, a Lebanese wanted in the U.S. for murder and air piracy in the TWA hijacking. Hamadei was allegedly one of the original two hijackers; his hooded face appeared all over the world as he and his fellow terrorists made demands from the hijacked plane. In Washington, Justice Depart-

ment officials are asking that Hamadei be flown to the U.S. to stand trial. Under the amended Federal Aviation Act, U.S. authorities are empowered to prosecute cases of hijacking and murder aboard U.S. aircraft anywhere in the world.

But the U.S. demand for Hamadei could hit a legal snag. Under terms of a 1978 U.S. West German extradition treaty, Bonn will not extradite suspects who would face the death penalty in an American court for the crime involved. Hamadei could be executed if he is convicted in the U.S. At week's end American and West German diplomats in Bonn were discussing other possible means of bringing Hamadei to the U.S. besides formal extradition. One complication, though, could be the later capture of a West German businessman in Beirut. This was seemingly in retaliation for the Hamadei arrest, and the terrorists will doubtfully try to trade the businessman's freedom for the hijacker's.

Hamadei was the second suspected terrorist to be arrested in Europe last week. In Italy, police at Milan airport seized another Lebanese man, Bachir Khodr, 26, who arrived from Beirut. Inspection of picture frames and chocolate Easter eggs in Khodr's luggage found them to be filled with 24 lbs. of plastic explosives. A portable radio that he carried contained 36 detonators. Authorities in Italy believe Khodr may be a member of a pro-Iranian terrorist group called Hizballah and could possibly have ties to Hamadei. Italian Interior Minister Oscar Scalfaro asserted that the "arrest in Frankfurt is linked with that of the Lebanese taken in Milan," but offered no details. Connected or coincidental, last week's arrests demonstrated that terrorists are certainly not invincible.

—By Wayne Svoboda. Reported by John Kohn/Bonn



Khomeini



Harrowing escape: this accused informer eluded a "necklacing" only after clergymen intervened

TURNER/OUTPOST PRESS-BLACK STAR

World

SOUTH AFRICA

The War of Blacks Against Blacks

Bloody battles for political control torment the townships

The term is familiar by now, but the "necklace" is so benign a description that it barely hints at the horror of one of the world's most savage forms of execution. This is how it happens. In the townships of South Africa, militant black youths first capture a victim. Next they chop off his hands or tie them behind his back with barbed wire. Finally they place a gasoline-filled tire over the terrified victim's head and shoulders and set it ablaze. The melting rubber clings like tar to the victim's flesh, while flames and searing fumes enshroud him. Within minutes the execution is over. By the time the police arrive, the charred body is usually burned past recognition. Horrified family members, who may be forced to watch the killing, are often too intimidated to identify the murderers.

Such viciousness is a regular occurrence in South Africa today. Two people were killed by necklaces in Soweto, the sprawling black township outside Johannesburg, on New Year's Day. Steve Kgame, a well-known community leader in the Soweto-Witwatersrand area who has faced demands from radicals to quit his local government post, was in serious condition last week with gunshot wounds in the head and chest. Near Durban, two officials of Inkatha, a political organization made up mainly of members of the Zulu tribe, died earlier this month after fire bombs struck their homes. Outside

Port Elizabeth, a vengeful mob last week murdered two youths in the Kwanobuhle township. Nearly 80 gold miners have been killed during the past ten weeks in tribal battles among black workers.

Since racial unrest broke out in South Africa in September 1984, more than 2,300 people have been killed. In the past six months nearly three-quarters of the victims have been blacks killed by other blacks. And for all its cruelty, the necklace is only one form of the violence that South Africa's blacks are inflicting on one another in segregated townships across the country. The bloodshed has made ungovernable many of the townships in which the country's 24 million blacks are forced to live and has given the government of State President P.W. Botha a potent propaganda weapon. Invariably referring to the slaughter as "black-on-black" violence, officials suggest that it proves blacks are too uncivilized to rule one another, much less the whites.

In fact, the reign of terror is in large part a grisly reflection of the apartheid system that gives power to South Africa's 5 million whites. Bottled up in teeming townships and denied any voice in the political life of their country, many blacks are filled with fury. The Rev. Nico Smith, a white Dutch Reformed minister who has moved into Mamelodi, a black township outside Pretoria, compares the situation to

that of laboratory animals that begin to devour one another when conditions become unbearable. Says Smith: "Social pathology is consuming the townships. There is a loss of sensitivity for people's own lives and for the lives of others."

The relentless toll stems in part from the breakdown of traditional authority in the townships. Of about 20,000 blacks who have been arrested since the state of emergency was imposed last June, many were local leaders who headed activist community organizations and helped maintain order in the black townships. With them now in jail, new and more violent leaders have come forward. In some cases the toughest person on the street rules, exercising a savage authority that does not dispense much justice and drives many townships toward chaos. Some township residents have complained that white police authorities often remain on the outskirts, watching to make sure that the violence stays confined to the black community. Inside the townships, meanwhile, the mobs seize control.

In many areas the violence is part of a struggle among South Africa's black factions for the soul of the antiapartheid movement and for political power. The battle is waged between youths and their elders, between tribes, classes and political organizations. The names and identities may differ widely, as gangs call themselves the A-Team, the Green Berets, *Anabutho* (the Warriors) or *Mabangalala* (the Intimidators). In Soweto, the conservative Zulu tribesmen are often in open warfare with the more radical Xho-

sas. In Kwanobuhle, the fighting is between members of the all-black Azanian People's Organization and the multiracial United Democratic Front.

The most dangerous group is the militant youths known as the "comrades," who have been responsible for much of the killing in the townships. Ranging in age from about 14 to 22, they are typically poor, uneducated and overflowing with rage. In their fierce battle to gain control of communities like Soweto, they have become the chief users of necklaces, the executioners who make the night a time of terror for the black populace. Barbara Harker, training manager in Johannesburg for the National Institute for Crime Prevention and Rehabilitation of Offenders, has studied the comrades. She concluded that the poverty and hopelessness of life in the townships make them impulsive and largely incapable of compromise. The primary object of their wrath is anyone suspected of collaborating with the government. The victim's "crime" can be trivial or wholly nonexistent. Even payment of rent for government-owned housing can be a capital offense. Some recent victims:

► Mbuseli ("Freddy") Ngqene, 39, a mental-hospital attendant, was murdered in Kizakale township near Port Elizabeth because the comrades thought he was a police informer. Ngqene had been mistakenly arrested on a rape charge and released within hours. His killers assumed that he was let loose so quickly because he was in the pay of the police. As a consequence, they struck him with axes, stabbed him 13 times and set him on fire.

► Patrick Marene, a community council member in the township outside Oudtshoorn in the Cape province, was watching television at his home when a mob gathered in front and demanded that he come outside. Marene managed to escape as the comrades threw his furniture into the street and ignited it. As Marene was picking through the rubble two days later, the youths returned. This time they quickly hacked and burned him to death.

► Masabata Loate, a leader of the 1976 anti-apartheid student uprising, was slain with axes and knives near her Soweto home after serving a five-year prison term for treason. Loate, 29, had angered the comrades by speaking out strongly against necklaces.

So intimidating have the comrades become that in many parts of South Africa they can terrify township residents simply by holding up boxes of matches. When they are not carrying out spontaneous attacks, they may hold kangaroo "people's courts" that are designed to intimidate the public. In a typical court session, young toughs drag the accused forward, inform him or her of the charges and then pronounce and execute the sen-

tence. The outcome is never in doubt.

The people's courts are a brutal offshoot of street committees that were once promoted by the United Democratic Front and the African National Congress, South Africa's outlawed anti-apartheid group. Initially formed to discuss grievances and political protests, the committees have since turned to more direct and violent action.

After first expressing support for the comrades, the A.N.C. now disavows their tactics. Winnie Mandela, the wife of jailed Black Leader Nelson Mandela, caused a furor last April by declaring, "With our boxes of matches and our necklaces, we shall liberate this country." A.N.C. leaders later told her to stop making such state-



Tribal fighting outside Durban has left thousands homeless.
The endless violence is one more sign of a people in agony.

ments, and at the group's 75th anniversary celebration in Lusaka two weeks ago. A.N.C. President Oliver Tambo declared, "Of course we are not in favor of necklacing. We don't like necklacing, but we understand its origins. It originated from the extremes to which people were provoked by the unspeakable brutalities of the apartheid system."

The violent radicals are not responding to calls for moderation. Notes Allister Sparks, a liberal South African journalist: "An element is emerging in the black townships of South Africa that is beyond anyone's control, an element so brutalized that it now seeks only to kill and burn in blind revenge."

A black and just as violent backlash, however, has grown against the comrades. In the Crossroads squatter camp

near Cape Town, community leaders known as "fathers" have donned white headbands and armbands and organized patrol groups called vigilantes. "The people of Old Crossroads will hunt them down and beat the comrades," said Sam Ndima, a leader of the fathers. Frequent clashes have claimed dozens of lives on both sides and destroyed thousands of shanties. In Soweto, the city council has called for the formation of vigilante bands to stamp out "political renegades" and protect local citizens.

Many vigilantes are middle-class people who are willing to strike back at the comrades to protect their property and the positions they have achieved. A recent study by Jeremy Seekings of Witwatersrand University found that they include shopkeepers, taxi owners, teachers, police officers and town councilors. Seekings says such people are driven by their "material interest in stability, a related inclination toward conservatism and fear for their lives and property."

None of the vigilante groups that have recently sprung up are linked, and none have a political agenda. Many of their battles with the comrades come down to generational conflicts. Says Wilfried Schärf, a lecturer at Cape Town University's Institute of Criminology: "The clashes between the vigilantes and the comrades are indicative of the youth movement's attempts to shatter the older generation's power." To that extent the feuding is, quite literally and tragically, a battle between fathers and sons.

White police forces look favorably upon the vigilantes. In fact, many blacks suspect that the police are secretly advising and supporting groups like the fathers. "I wouldn't have any trouble choosing sides," says one white officer. In Crossroads, witnesses have reported seeing men atop armored police vehicles firing at comrades in support of the fathers.

The Rev. Allan Boesak, a U.D.F. founder, has charged that the government is behind much of the township killing. Says he: "It is not a question only of black-on-black violence. It is a question of the South African government deliberately creating groups and supporting them, even creating situations of violence."

The issue of who is ultimately responsible for the bloodshed is one of the most politically charged in South Africa. While many black leaders blame whites, the Botswana government insists that the violence proves that ever more crackdowns and restrictions are needed to maintain order. While that debate goes on, the appalling parade of violence is one more sign of a people in agony.

—By John Greenwald,
Reported by Peter Hawthorne and Bruce W. Nolan/Johannesburg

World



The Chancellor, certain of victory, waves from his helicopter to voters in Bavaria

WEST GERMANY

Candidate for a Confident Time

The Kohl government is heavily favored as voters go to the polls

Few would have thought it possible just six months ago. Chancellor Helmut Kohl was then widely mocked as the most uninspired of politicians. But here he was last week, giving a campaign speech to a shouting, stomping, standing-room-only crowd in the city of Saarbrücken. Among his most enthusiastic supporters: hundreds of young people who waved flags and sparklers as the heavyset, bespectacled Chancellor made his way through the throng of 9,000 to the podium. After Kohl spoke, a spontaneous chorus of "Helmut! Helmut!" filled the room.

As West Germany's national election campaign drew to a close this week, the Chancellor's reception was ardent everywhere his helicopter touched down. Political analysts predicted that Kohl, 56, would rise his newfound popularity to a second four-year term when voters cast their ballots this Sunday. The Allensbach poll forecast that Kohl's conservative coalition of the Christian Democratic Union, the Christian Social Union and the Free Democratic Party would win 53% of the vote, compared with 36.7% for the Social Democrats and 9.5% for the environmentalist Greens.

Still, the applause on the campaign trail is directed less at the sometimes bumbling Kohl himself than at what he represents: a newly proud and prosperous West Germany that looks to the future with more confidence than at any other time since World War II. Indeed, the waning of Germany's postwar angst fits perfectly with Kohl's folksy, optimistic style. "I'm convinced that we can solve any problems with reason, courage and patience," he told 5,000 beer-drinking backers at a stop in Passau. "All we need is the inner

strength to decide that's what we want."

Kohl's campaign has received a huge boost from the powerful West German economy. Inflation has been so thoroughly conquered that German prices are now falling at an annual rate of 1.2%. Unemployment, still high by European standards, has dropped from 10.4% in January 1986 to a current rate of 8.9%. Kohl's Christian Democrats boast that some 600,000 jobs have been created in the past three years, half of them in 1986. All in all, West Germans appear to be as comfortable and self-satisfied as they have ever been. Says Joachim Fest, co-publisher of the conservative daily *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*: "For the first time, this land has everything."

Kohl has openly appealed to this sense of well-being: his warmly nationalistic speeches urge the voters to congratulate themselves for the surging economy. The back-patting theme is particularly effective with younger listeners. "The Germans



Opposition Chief Rau hammers away

A campaign as flat as the party slogan.

have worked hard here for 40 years, and I think we deserve some recognition for that," says Student Hans Baumgartner, 21. "Our history is a deep wound, but wounds have to heal."

As Kohl has thrived, the campaign of the opposition Social Democrats has fallen as flat as the party's slogan. "Let justice reign and not social coldness," Social Democratic Leader Johannes Rau has hammered away at the obvious issues: the continued unemployment of 2.2 million workers, a government tax-reform proposal that would chiefly benefit the wealthy, and cuts in social spending. Declares Rau: "I read the business section of the paper, and I see that we're doing great. But then I read my mail."

The electorate, however, seems far more interested in stability and continuity than in new social programs. "Social justice isn't particularly relevant for most Germans these days," says Hartmut Bräuer, a judicial administrator and a Social Democratic politician in Schweinfurt.

For all his current strength, Kohl very nearly missed the chance to lead West Germany's new era of good feeling. Under his leadership the Christian Democrats lost ground in seven of ten state elections between October 1982 and June 1986. The Chancellor's political future seemed uncertain after he met President Reagan in 1985 at the German military cemetery in Bitburg, where 49 members of the Nazi SS are buried. Kohl was threatened with prosecution last year for allegedly perjuring himself during testimony concerning the suspected bribery of public officials by the Flick industrial group. Things began turning around for Kohl last spring, when he was cleared of complicity in the Flick affair and the Christian Democrats won a narrow but important victory in Lower Saxony.

Kohl nonetheless remains prone to the damaging gaffe. Party strategists winced two weeks ago, when he accused East Germany of holding 2,000 political prisoners in jails and "concentration camps." That allusion to the Nazi era, combined with some tasteless patriotic rhetoric, made some Kohl supporters nervous. The Chancellor's final campaign swing last week thus found him paddling back to safer shores. Said he: "Beyond all party political differences, we owe our friends, our allies and all our neighbors a clear, constant and reliable policy."

Constancy and reliability are, of course, just what the West German public admires about Helmut Kohl, and why it is likely to give him a large vote of confidence at the polls. Kohl may not be the most elegant or articulate of leaders, but if he wins as strongly as predicted, he could begin his second term with prospects for as much prestige and power as any Chancellor has enjoyed in the post-war era.

—By Michael S. Serrill
Reported by James L. Graff/Saarbrücken and William McWhirter/Boon

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World

EUROPE

Waiting Out the Big Chill

A winter blitz brings a brutal dose of death and disruption

Soviet tanks pulled stranded motorists out of six-foot snowdrifts along the Vienna-Budapest highway. Daredevil Parisians skied down the snow-blanketed steps of Montmartre's Sacré-Coeur Basilica. Big Ben's famous chime was reduced to a dull thud as its bell hammer froze. Packs of hungry wolves emerged from the mountains to roam through isolated Czechoslovak villages in search of food. Across Europe last week, wind-whipped masses of frigid Siberian air, often accompanied by heavy snowstorms, sent thermometers plunging to some of the lowest levels of the past quarter of a century, paralyzing transportation, closing schools, businesses and government offices, and causing more than 264 deaths. Summing up the chaos, the London *Standard* proclaimed: TODAY IS CANCELLED!

Hardest hit was the Soviet Union,

where a total of 77 people have died in weather-related incidents since early January. Soviet news reports attributed 48 of those casualties to fires, most of them caused by defective heaters. An additional 29 people were crushed under avalanches in the Georgian republic. Temperatures in Leningrad dropped to -31°F , the lowest reading there since meteorological data were first kept in 1743. In Moscow, where the thermometer hit -32° , the city's residents burned twice their normal daily average of gas and fuel oil and overworked heating systems failed in many apartment buildings.

The arctic blast stunned eastern and central Europe. Thirty-one weather-related deaths were reported in Poland, 20 in Hungary and 5 in Austria. Along the snowbound, 170-mile highway linking Budapest with Vienna, more than 130

cars were immobilized for up to 18 hours until Soviet, Hungarian and Austrian tanks dug them out. One of the liberated motorists was Austria's Ambassador to Hungary, Arthur Agstner. Declared the grateful diplomat: "If the Soviet tanks had not arrived in time, several of us could have frozen to death."

In Britain, where at least 37 people perished in record low temperatures, snow drifts up to ten feet high cut off towns and villages in the counties of Kent and Surrey. A rare heavy snowfall forced the closing of major highway and rail links to Scotland and the Lake District. British Rail was forced to cancel all but 3% of its commuter trains to and from the capital. Warned a blunt notice at London's Charing Cross station: "There is very little chance of anyone reaching their intended destination and even less chance of them getting back again."

The government mobilized the army for emergency relief operations. Personnel carriers ferried supplies to snowbound regions, and army helicopters flew pregnant women to hospitals to have their ba-



A blizzard on the Champs Elysées, above; a tugboat trapped on the frozen Elbe River near Hamburg, below; a Moscow thermometer showing -25° , right



bies. In London, where temperatures dipped as low as 16°, churches opened their doors to the homeless. Officials at the London zoo locked the lions inside cages for fear they would escape from their enclosures by walking across a frozen moat.

Temperatures in Paris dropped to 10°. At midweek a 5½-inch snowfall turned the French capital into a winter fantasy land where students waged impromptu snowball fights and cross-country skiers trekked across the Champs de Mars near the Eiffel Tower. Following the lead of President François Mitterrand, who deployed army troops to stricken areas across the country, French Premier Jacques Chirac mobilized some 1,800 soldiers to help remove the snow from Paris streets. The government ordered two Paris Métro stations to stay open all night to help shelter an estimated 15,000 homeless men and women. The weather was even more severe in other regions. The town of Meuthe, in the eastern Jura mountain area, was caught in a record -27°, while the winegrowing Burgundy region in the southwest posted -7°. The Mediterranean port of Marseilles was hit with heavy

snow and winds of up to 60 m.p.h. In some areas heating oil ran out when delivery trucks were unable to get through because low-grade diesel fuel had frozen in their gas tanks.

Although conditions were less harsh in France than in some other parts of Europe, the cold snap there caused a death toll of at least 31. One potential French victim of the cold was saved in the northern city of Amiens when a vagrant discovered a newborn girl abandoned at the city dump. He called for help, and the girl was rushed to the hospital. Doctors rated her chances of survival excellent and named her Violette because of her purplish complexion when she was first brought in.

Italy was also hit by the brutal winter blitz. In Venice pigeons pecked vainly for bread crumbs on the white-mantled Piazza San Marco, and blankets of snow decked the prows of unused gondolas. The southern regions were battered by gale-force winds that transformed the Naples waterfront into a tangle of wrecked boats and knocked out power lines in Sardinia. Throughout Italy weather conditions caused at least six deaths and several bil-

lion dollars' worth of property damage.

The countries of northern Europe, more accustomed to harsh winters, suffered fewer casualties than their southern neighbors. West Germany reported five deaths. The four Scandinavian countries together reported a total of five exposure-related deaths. Nonetheless, the chill caused severe hardships. More than half of Denmark's 200 inhabited islands were cut off from the mainland. Icebreakers had to work day and night to free some 15 vessels from the frozen sound between Denmark and Sweden. Following a blizzard in the Swedish province of Skane, where temperatures dipped to -11°, people were warned that they risked death if they ventured outdoors.

Although the mercury rose slightly at week's end, weathermen predicted a new plunge in temperatures and warned that there was no relief in sight from the harshest winter in recent memory. One almost certain result: a hike in the cost of oil on both sides of the Atlantic as the sudden European demand drives up prices in world markets.

—By Thomas A. Sanction.
Reported by William Dowell/Paris and Steven Holmes/London, with other bureaus



Pigeons scrambling for scarce bread crumbs on Venice's Piazza San Marco, above; the Household Cavalry Regiment tramping through the snow in London's Hyde Park



World

SCANDALS

Iranscam Couldn't Happen There

Europeans wonder what all the fuss is about

While the Iran-contra scandal has virtually monopolized the attention of the American media since last November, Europeans tend to wonder what the fuss is all about. To a great many of them, the scandal seems like yet another perplexing case of American moralism run wild, a national exercise in self-flagellation. Many Europeans, who also never fully understood why Americans became so upset by the Watergate affair in the mid-1970s, feel that such a crisis could never happen in their own countries. TIME's Paris bureau chief Jordan Bonfante examines the European bewilderment concerning Iranscam:

Imbot's unheeded alarm showed how the European political conscience can be very different, and far less exacting, when it comes to conspiracy in high places. That is one reason why Iranscam has had limited impact in much of Europe. Government officials and the general public are not shocked by the facts of Iranscam so much as by its mismanagement and the extent to which the scandal is traumatizing the Reagan Administration.

West Europeans believe that an Iranscam-style scandal is unlikely in their countries for institutional and psychological reasons. In Britain, for example, there is no government equivalent of the Na-

ti is meant largely as a compliment. What Frenchmen dislike is naiveté.

Not that Europeans lack for scandals. Last week, for example, allegations resurfaced that a French company, with possible government knowledge, had spirited artillery shells to Iran from 1983 to 1986. But it is rare for a government to be clapped in political irons because of foreign policy subterfuge. Rather, scandals have their own uniquely national styles:

► In Britain sex is lethal, while it seems that spying, though regrettable, can be lived with. A series of sensational double agents at high levels of British intelligence, including Kim Philby, Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean and Anthony Blunt, never seriously rocked the British ship of state. But sex scandals have regularly felled British political figures, from War Secretary John Profumo in 1963 to Conservative Party Deputy Chairman Jeffrey Archer last year.

► In West Germany politicians are most vulnerable to financial scandals and East bloc spies in their midst. Social Democratic Chancellor Willy Brandt never really recovered from the uproar after his close aide Günter Guillaume was discovered spying for East Germany. The long-running Flick affair, swirling with allegations about illegal campaign chests and influence peddling, tormented the Christian Democratic government of Helmut Kohl for years. Quips one political observer in Bonn: "If Iranscam were ever replayed here, the odds are that the Germans would be more scandalized by the missing millions and the sloppy accounting than the arms transactions."

► In Italy many a financial imbroglio has begun to emerge, only to vanish in the political sands. But governments must beware of dark conspiracies involving secret societies. The scandal surrounding the mysterious "P-2" Masonic lodge in 1981 entangled Cabinet ministers and military officers in a web of tax evasion and political intrigue. The uproar eventually toppled the Christian Democrat-led coalition government of Arnaldo Forlani, but no official was ever convicted, and Forlani is now back in government service.

► In France the scandal specialty for years has been covert mayhem committed by *barbouzes*, shadows secret government agents with false beards or other disguises. The gem of these was surely the Greenpeace affair of 1985, in which two teams of French secret service frogmen blew up a trawler belonging to the environmental organization Greenpeace in Auckland harbor. The resulting international uproar shook François Mitterrand's Socialist government and forced the sacking of its intelligence chief and the resignation of its Defense Minister. Unlike Iranscam, however, that was the extent of it. Parliament never pursued it further. Indeed, the two French agents jailed by New Zealand until last July are now regarded as heroes.



Greenpeace's flagship, the *Rainbow Warrior*, was scuttled by French agents in 1985

Centuries of Kings, Popes and Presidents did not confuse principles and statecraft.

On the evening of Sept. 27, 1985, at the climax of the Greenpeace scandal, General René Imbot, a square-jawed French army officer who had just been appointed chief of the Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure, France's overseas intelligence agency, went on television with a startling pronouncement. "To my profound stupefaction," he said, "I have discovered a malignant attempt to destabilize our secret services." I would say even, to destroy our secret services!" Asked to clarify this, Imbot replied, "I won't say any more about it. I am chief of the secret services."

More remarkable than the outburst was the fact that after a few days of bewilderment, politicians and the press simply dropped the matter. To this day, the French parliament and public remain blithely in the dark about it. Imagine William Casey going on television to proclaim that the CIA was being dangerously subverted in the Iran arms deal—and having the U.S. press and public let it go at that.

tional Security Council, only a benign advisory appendage to 10 Downing Street known as the Cabinet Office. Insists Field Marshal Lord Bramall, a former Chief of the General Staff: "The idea of a bunch of military cowboys running their own foreign policy out of the Cabinet Office is too absurd to contemplate." On the Continent, a widespread feeling exists that if anything like Iranscam were uncovered, it would not have the same paralyzing repercussions. Throughout much of Europe, especially across the Latin, Catholic southern tier, there is greater cynicism about political conduct.

This comes from centuries of Kings, Popes and Presidents acting out the gap between principles and applied statecraft. Says Guy Sorman of Paris University's Political Studies Institute: "Most Frenchmen believe that political power and foreign policy should be Machiavellian. Today when President Mitterrand is called a Florentine—meaning a Machiavellian—

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1985

Aspirin Called Aid Against 2d Heart Attack

By PHILIP M. BOFFEY
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10—Federal health officials said today that aspirin could help prevent a second heart attack in patients who have had a first heart attack.

Aspirin a day may prevent heart attacks by 50%

...vere irregularities in...
...ht save 10,000 to 20,000...
...a year.

Heckler, Secretary of Health Services, said that man...
...velopments constituted...
...progress against death...
...attack.

...overall results indicated that an aspi...
...rin a day taken by patients who had...
...previous heart attacks reduced the...
...chance of another heart attack or of...
...changing during the study period by about...
...one-fifth.

Whereas 12 to 22 percent of the heart...
...patients is not taking aspirin either h...

...would indicate th...
...day, about...

...rin to a 6 percent chance with aspirin...
...Federal officials said the seven stud...
...ies were not "equally convincing" but...
...taken together, provided evidence of a...
..."modest but worthwhile" effect in...
...heart attack victims and a "more strik...
..."effect" in patients with unstable...
...angina.

...The new device wh...
...announced today is...
...cardiac defibrilla...
...Intec Systems Inc...
...manufactured by...
...St. Paul, Minn...
...Inc., St. Paul, N...

...Aspirin's Role in Blood Clotting...
...Aspirin is thought to achieve its...
...effect by inhibiting the action of cells in...
...the blood that play a role in cl...

Aspirin prevent heart attacks?

...hat though the studies, some of which...
...n be... up to four years, were not con...
...ts to... every respect, she said the...
...s in... indicated that an aspi...
...3,000... patients who had...
...tary... reduced the...
...id th... risk of of...
...the heart, causing a heart attack...
...the new device whose approval was...
...announced today is an "implantable...
...cardiac defibrillator," developed by...
...Intec Systems Inc., developed by...
...Intec Systems Inc., of Pittsburgh, and...
...Inc., of St. Paul, Minn. About the...
...a deck of cards, it is...
...implanted in certain...
...irregular...
...ma...
...tec...
...it...
...mal...
...al nu...

An aspirin a day keeps hearts ok

Aspirin May Reduce Heart Attack Chance

...ple Dr. Frank E. Young, the...
...ner of Food and Drugs, ad...
...patients to consult their...
...before adding aspirin to...
...nt. He said that aspirin...
...battitude for other treat...
...at heart attack...

...Aspirin had an even greater effect...
...patients suffering from "unstable a...
...gna," or chest pains that had worsened...
...within the past month, according to one...
...three-month study conducted by the...
...Veterans Administration, it cut the...
...Officials said. In those patients, it cut the...
...of... to a heart attack, or...
...err...

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UN





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World Notes



Falling on deaf ears: Najibullah's cease-fire declaration left the rebels unimpressed



Poles apart: the leader meets the Pope

AFGHANISTAN

A Troubled Truce Begins

The Afghan capital of Kabul was strangely quiet last week. After seven years of a Moscow-backed civil war with Muslim guerrillas, the government began a six-month cease-fire, called by Afghan Communist Party Leader Najibullah. Fifty foreign correspondents were taken on carefully planned tours of Kabul the day Najibullah appeared on television to plead with rebels to join the cease-fire.

Opposition forces, though, were unimpressed. The *mujahedin* guerrillas launched fresh attacks in eastern Afghanistan. In Washington, the Reagan Administration dispatched an envoy to Pakistan to discuss a Western response to the peace plan.

DIPLOMACY

Trying to Get Respect

The two powerful men were natural rivals. One was the head of the officially atheistic regime of Poland, the other the leader of the Roman Catholic Church. So last week when General Wojciech Jaruzelski made his first official trip to Western Europe since he imposed martial law in 1981, his meeting with Pope

John Paul II showed little promise of yielding substantive results.

Indeed, the Pope turned down Jaruzelski's offer to restore diplomatic relations with the Vatican and brought up Poland's human rights record. But Jaruzelski pronounced the meeting at least a partial success. Said he: "Two Poles must always understand each other."

During his visit to Italy, Jaruzelski also met with Italian Prime Minister Bettino Craxi and Fiat Chairman Giovanni Agnelli. The very fact of the meetings was a victory for Jaruzelski, who is striving to end Poland's isolation and re-establish financial ties with the West.

ECUADOR

"Loco" Has His Way

Leon Febres Cordero, Ecuador's President, is a free man again after a bizarre incident last week in which he was held hostage for eleven hours at an air base by rebellious air force officers. Febres Cordero and his Defense Minister were captured after a brief fire fight that left two people dead.

The crisis lasted until the government met the rebels' demands and released former Air Force General Frank Vargas Pazos, known by the nickname Loco, who was jailed last March after leading a failed

rebellion. Febres Cordero and the Defense Minister were released when Vargas arrived in a special government plane. Febres Cordero said he would not punish "those armed elements that took part in this action."

LEBANON

Another Day, A New Hostage

On the battleground that Beirut has become, no one is safe. Two French newsmen, Reporter Paul Marchand, 27, and Reporter-Photographer Roger Auque, 31, were well aware of that last week as they talked with Anglican Envoy Terry Waite, who was in Beirut again to seek the release of foreigners held by Islamic terrorists. Asked which hostage Waite was trying to free, Marchand jokingly pointed to himself and Auque and replied, "All the hostages—present and future."

Half an hour later Auque and Marchand were approached by gunmen. One grabbed Auque, struck him on the head with a pistol butt and forced him into a waiting car. Marchand escaped from a terrorist who jammed a Kalashnikov automatic rifle into his stomach and shouted, "I want to kill you!"

Auque is one of five Frenchmen and eleven other foreigners, including five Americans, now being held in

Lebanon. The kidnapping underscored the frustration inherent in any attempt to gain freedom for those in the hands of terrorists. Informed of Auque's capture, Waite appeared stunned and said, "I am very, very sorry to hear that." He vowed, however, to continue his efforts to free kidnapping victims.

ARMS DEALERS

Goodbye to All That

Travelers aboard Arms Dealer Adnan Khashoggi's \$40 million DC-8 enjoyed the last word in airborne luxury. But last week the jetliner, with its three bedrooms, crystal goblets and Russian sable bedspread, was seized by police at Le Bourget Airport in Paris under a court order obtained by British Industrialist Roland ("Tiny") Rowland, who seeks repayment of a \$2.5 million loan.

The action was the latest setback for Khashoggi, a key middleman in U.S. arms sales to Iran. French police confiscated his DC-9 aircraft earlier this month. The arms dealer's growing financial woes, which stem in part from the failure of grandiose real estate and development schemes, seem certain to cause further cutbacks in a sybaritic life-style that once earned Khashoggi a reputation as the world's richest man.

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Economy & Business



Traders man telephones in the Tokyo Foreign Exchange Market



Money men execute orders on the Frankfurt currency exchange

A Game of Chicken

The U.S. pushes down the dollar, but will that help the trade deficit?

Around the world last week, the mood in international money markets could only be described as akin to panic. In Tokyo, frantic Japanese traders stayed at their desks even during a Jan. 15 national holiday to execute orders through branch offices and foreign subsidiaries, and through the week they dumped billions of U.S. dollars in favor of the local yen and the West German deutsche mark. In Frankfurt, harried West German money men followed suit despite reported efforts by the country's central bank to stem the landslide. In Manhattan, foreign-currency trading occasionally came to a halt as money merchants momentarily failed to find any buyers at all for the U.S. greenback. Marveled Christine Patton, chief foreign-currency trader for Manufacturers Hanover Trust: "There were times when I saw the dollar plunge by a quarter of a percentage point within a few seconds. That's very erratic, almost a free fall."

Indeed it was. By week's end much of the chaos and confusion had begun to clear up, at least for a time. But the net result remained: after five days of often turbulent trading, the U.S. dollar had taken one of the worst pummelings in recent history against the value of the yen and the mark. The dollar lost 3.5% of its value against the mark in a single

day, fluctuating around a six-year low before closing the week at 1.85 marks to the dollar, down 3.7% from the previous week. The movement against the yen was only slightly less spectacular. The greenback's value plunged near last August's record low of 152.55 yen to the dollar before recovering slightly to close in Tokyo at 153.1, down 3.2% for the week.

The dollar's precipitous drop was a sign of what John Lipsky, a vice president at the Salomon Brothers investment house, described as a "gigantic geopolitical game of chicken" that had broken out between the U.S. and its major trading partners. It was also a sign of a lack of con-

fidence among money traders both in the current domestic economic policies of the Reagan Administration and in those of its allies abroad. In the view of the money men, something new may be required if the U.S. is to deal with its mammoth trade deficit. That deficit is expected to total more than \$170 billion when the final figures are added up for 1986. In the meantime, further disconcerting drops in the value of the dollar seemed likely.

Despite repeated claims that it was interested only in the orderly operation of the international financial market, the Reagan Administration had a hand in last week's dollar upheaval. A major part of the drop came after an Administration official was anonymously cited as saying that the U.S. wanted to see a further decline in the dollar's value. The Administration hurriedly disclaimed any such view, but in the weakest fashion, saying only that the statement was not "authorized." At one point, White House Spokesman Larry Speakes even issued a new assertion that "the dollar is in an orderly decline against other countries, and that's the way we want it to remain." Then Speakes hurriedly retracted once again.

The fact was that at the risk of adding to the uncertainty in world financial markets, the Reagan Administration seemed ready to watch the dollar fall even further as a way



Treasury Secretary James Baker makes a stern point
From the White House, disclaimers and retractions.

to help solve the U.S.'s trade woes. Says Rimmer De Vries, chief international economist at the Morgan Guaranty Trust: "No one in Washington is talking about stabilizing currencies anymore."

The latest currency upheaval may have had ominous implications for international cooperation but, paradoxically enough, it failed to quell investor confidence in the booming U.S. stock market. Last week the Dow Jones average of 30 industrial stocks continued its spectacular rise past the magic 2000 mark that it attained on Jan. 8. After showing gains every day since the New Year began and reaching record heights each day for the past two weeks, the Dow closed at 2076.63, up more than 3.5% last week.

The combination of U.S. stock-market success and currency-exchange strains showed how complex the international economic climate had become in the past 16 months. In September 1985 the so-called Plaza Accord on exchange rates was hammered out between Treasury Secretary James Baker, architect of the agreement, and the finance ministers of Japan, West Germany, France and Britain. It provided for a gradual and orderly decline in the value of the dollar, which had reached a peak in February 1985. Before last week, the dollar had dropped 28.7% against other major currencies.

The theory was that the weaker dollar would eventually cut into the U.S. trade deficit by making foreign imports more expensive and U.S. exports more competitive. Last week U.S. Treasury Department officials were claiming that something like that had indeed happened. The trade deficit, said one, "has leveled off and is showing signs of improvement."

The signs are virtually indecipherable, however. Increasingly, what other U.S. officials have been focusing on is the fact that while U.S. trade was in deficit, Japan's trade surplus last year was \$82.7

billion and West Germany's \$57 billion. Both were records. Japan's trade surplus with the U.S. alone last year stood at \$51.5 billion and West Germany's at about \$16 billion. Trade figures released in Tokyo last week showed that despite the dollar's long decline against the yen, Japanese exports to the U.S. actually increased by 23.5% last year, to \$80.5 billion.

Economists have traditionally blamed such anomalies on a theory called the "J-curve." That notion decrees that whenever a country's currency declines in value, the national trade balance worsens before it improves, in a line that loops down and up in the shape of the letter J. The reason: immediately upon depreciation, the price of imports rises, but a contraction of the demand for such imports takes time. In the interim, the trade-balance differential widens. Economists usually estimate that at least 18 months is required before any expected improvements in the trade balance will appear.

The U.S. experience since the Plaza Accord, however, indicates that the trade problem is much thornier than that. One of the most immediate effects of a dollar decline should be a decrease in foreign travel by Americans—but there the U.S. suffered a \$5.2 billion deficit last year. Apparently, the rising cost of staying in Paris or Rome has been offset by cheaper air fares, among other things. Moreover, even while the international purchasing power of the dollar has declined since the Plaza Accord, the price of imported goods in the U.S. has often failed to rise by an equivalent amount (see chart). The explanation: foreign exporters have been willing to cut their profit margins in order to retain their share of the U.S. market.

The pain those ex-

porters are willing to withstand is clearly illustrated in Japan. In the six months ending last September, pretax profits at the giant Toshiba electronics firm were down by 80%, and at Fujitsu, the country's largest computer concern, by 79%. Such declines cannot be sustained indefinitely, but they have helped frustrate those who expected an earlier U.S. trade turnaround.

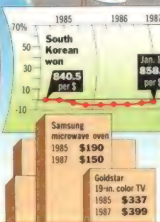
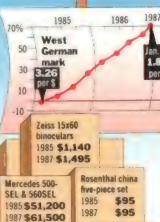
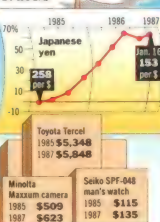
There are a few heartening signs that some foreign exporters at least may be reaching the limits of their ability to cut margins. Just two weeks ago Japan's Matsushita lost its contract with General Electric to supply color-television sets for U.S. distribution. Matsushita wanted to raise its prices, while GE felt that it could arrange for cheaper supplies. Among the options GE is considering: buying the sets from the Bloomington, Ind., plant of its RCA subsidiary. West German machinery exporters, notes University of Rochester Economist Karl Brunner, are also beginning to feel a pinch.

Another striking fact is that the dollar's decline has not affected its relationship with a number of foreign currencies that have increasing importance for the U.S. trade picture. The U.S. dollar has dropped only 10% against Taiwan's yuan and about 1% against the Canadian dollar since the greenback's 1985 peak. Over the same period, the value of a buck has stayed unchanged against the Hong Kong dollar and has actually risen by roughly 2.5% against the South Korean won. All of those countries, and more, enjoyed big trade surpluses with the U.S. last year: \$37.1 billion in the case of the newly industrializing countries of Asia and \$23.7 billion for Canada. In all, these so-called new suppliers, which include Latin America, account for an estimated 47% of all U.S. trade, meaning that even a continued decline in the dollar against other currencies will leave a substantial portion of the trade problem unaffected.

VARIABLE WINDS, STABLE CARGO

% change since first quarter 1985 in foreign currencies against the U.S. dollar

Suggested retail prices



Economy & Business

Even so, U.S. exports started to rise, touching \$19.3 billion in October, an increase of 10.3% over the previous month. On the other hand, in November the monthly trade deficit also rose, to \$19.2 billion, the highest figure ever. Currently, U.S. exports must increase at a rate roughly double that of imports to close the trade gap. That is not happening.

The Administration has long preferred another solution to the trade problem but has had little luck in achieving it. Not long after the Plaza Accord was signed, Treasury Secretary Baker began urging West Germany and Japan to stimulate their domestic economies as a means of encouraging U.S. exports and sopping up exports from Third World nations. Neither country has yet complied satisfactorily with Washington's wishes.

In September, Baker warned that the allies' failure to stimulate would make a precipitous decline in the dollar's value unavoidable. His remarks kicked off a brief currency tailspin. In October the U.S. Treasury Secretary met with Japanese Finance Minister Kiichi Miyazawa to discuss the stimulus issue, with few dramatic results. At the same time, they were said to agree that a floor of approximately 160 yen should be put under the dollar's gradual fall. Last month Baker held similar talks with West German Finance Minister Gerhard Stoltenberg. Despite such conversations, West German growth has continued at a conservative 2.5%, while Japan's is about 2%.

Last week's currency fire storm was a major reminder that there are ways other than quiet reasoning to influence West German and Japanese policy. Trouble is, the message did not seem to register. Both the West German and Japanese central banks were believed to have intervened heavily in money markets in support of the dollar during last week's plunge, even though West German central bankers deny any activity. Such action would indicate that both countries are willing to fight to protect their current economic policies. By some accounts, the Japanese central bank spent \$20 billion in a bid to stop the dollar's drop, while Bank of Japan Governor Satoshi Sumita declared that "we are firmly determined to intervene whenever necessary." In Bonn a senior official sniffed that "if people in the U.S. are thinking in such simple ways as creating growth in West Germany by depressing the dollar, they will be quickly proved wrong."

That position was backed strongly elsewhere. In Paris, an aide to French Finance Minister Edouard Balladur declared that "allowing the dollar to fall

precipitously is not the solution to either America's trade problem or the world's economic difficulties." Later in the week both Balladur and West Germany's Stoltenberg went a step further, insouciantly describing the dollar as "undervalued."

The Europeans argue that rather than arm twisting its friends to achieve economic stimulus, the U.S. should be cutting back on its own spending as a means of solving the trade imbalance. Above all, they point to the nation's staggering budget deficit, which the Administration projects at \$173 billion for 1987, as the place to start. Says a West German central banker: "The U.S. is a deficit nation spending as if it were a surplus nation." That as-

highly restrictive omnibus trade bill, but it stalled in the Republican-controlled Senate. This year both Democratic and Republican legislators say that they will try again. Explains Edward Madigan, deputy Republican whip in the House of Representatives: "Members feel we're being screwed over by the Japanese and the Germans. Something substantial and permanent needs to be done."

Sensing the militant new mood, the White House has already prepared a package of measures intended to improve American business competitiveness. The broad thrust of the Administration's approach will be unveiled in the President's Jan. 27 State of the Union address. Few of

the measures, however, will bear directly on the central problems of the trade issue. They largely embrace such themes as stricter enforcement of antidumping laws and new definitions of monopoly that will take into account shares of international as well as domestic markets.

Even outside Washington, a number of influential experts feel the U.S. would do well to sharpen up its haggling skills. Says Morgan Guaranty's De Vries: "A very tough trade policy is needed." The U.S., he argues, should bargain for greater reciprocity in trade agreements with Japan, as well as a further opening up of that country's markets to goods from third countries.

The Administration has already begun to adopt a tougher posture. Washington has given the twelve-member European Community until Jan. 30, for example, to settle a trade dispute involving the loss of U.S. grain markets in Spain and Portugal. Failure to meet the deadline will mean automatic 200% U.S. tariffs on a number of European products, notably wine, liquor and cheese. The problem is that the Europeans have promised to retaliate in kind, meaning that a major or minor protectionist trade war might already be in the offing.

The unhappy fact is that nothing is going to change the U.S. trade-deficit picture soon. Therefore, trade frictions are liable to increase, pressures on U.S. allies to change their policies will intensify, and further currency flurries like last week's turbulent episode will remain a constant possibility. Last week's dollar plunge, says Bluford Putnam, a senior economist with the Morgan Stanley investment house, is evidence that money markets are trying to accomplish "what politicians could not do" in solving the trade issue. The same hair-raising experience shows that some other approach might be preferable.

—By George Russell, Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York, with other bureaus



Containerized U.S. goods are loaded for export in New Jersey

A trade problem that is much thornier than the J-curve would indicate.

sertion would seem to contradict Stoltenberg's claim that the dollar is undervalued. Nonetheless, another Bonn official argues, "As long as there is not enough assurance in the currency markets that the U.S. is dealing with its deficits, the dollar will continue to decline."

Some American economics experts agree. The value of the dollar, argues John Makin, director of fiscal-policy studies at Washington's American Enterprise Institute, is "totally irrelevant. If the budget deficit isn't going to improve very much, the trade deficit isn't either." Sidney Jones, an economist at Washington's Brookings Institution, also warns of a danger if the dollar continues to serve as the main instrument for altering the trade balance: the risk that the U.S. inflation rate, about 2% last year, will flare up. Says Jones: "Once those import prices go up, then you can get away with increasing domestic prices. That's probably a greater inflation risk than simply the increase in the price of imported goods."

Mounting frustration over the trade balance is liable to trigger a response on Capitol Hill. Last year the House passed a



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Tussle over High Technology

A major study attacks U.S. export restrictions

To maintain the U.S. technological edge over the Soviet Union, the Reagan Administration has nurtured a jerry-built device that frustrates both American businessmen and foreign allies. Washington requires so many export controls that it is difficult to ship abroad even such seemingly innocuous products as CAT scanners and a variety of ball bearings. Last week that play-it-safe national-security policy came under fire from a blue-ribbon panel representing the National Academies of Sciences and Engineering and the Institute of Medicine. In a major study, the panel argued that the restrictions do not work properly and that they cost the U.S. billions in lost exports every year. Though hotly contested by the Pentagon, the study won applause from other parts of the Administration.

At the core of the controversy are U.S. controls on so-called dual-use technologies, meaning commercial products that could have defense applications. High on the Pentagon's list are computers, ranging from Cray supercomputers, which could play a role in the Administration's Strategic Defense Initiative, to certain kinds of automated banking machines, which contain information-processing chips that could be useful for Soviet missile-guidance systems.

In its 600-page study, the 21-member panel, which was chaired by Lew Allen Jr., director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California, argued that current controls were excessive. Despite the restrictions, the Soviets manage to obtain much of the sensitive technology they

seek, said the group. Many of Moscow's gains come through espionage or illegal diversions from legitimate foreign customers. (One coup involved sophisticated look-down radar, originally a U.S. monopoly, now standard equipment on the latest Soviet MiG aircraft.) Meanwhile, friendly customers in Western Europe and Asia are increasingly looking outside the U.S. for goods on the dual-use list. In all, the study estimates, the controls cost the U.S. more than \$9 billion in forgone exports annually, along with nearly 200,000 jobs.

Most of these problems, the study argues, can be solved by cutting the list of restricted goods to emphasize the security of manufacturing processes. But Pentagon officials have had a sharp rejoinder to the panel's conclusions. Says Deputy Under Secretary of Defense Stephen Bryen: "In computer technology alone, the Soviets had narrowed the gap on us to a year

and a half. Due to our export restrictions, that gap is back up to seven or eight years." With an eye on the horrendous U.S. trade deficit, however, Commerce Department officials are openly sympathetic to the study's criticism. Says Paul Freedenberg, an assistant Commerce Secretary: "We can cut the list. We can be more responsive." The debate is likely to become sharper as concern over the trade balance continues to grow in the months ahead.

By Janice Castro.
Reported by Gisela Bolte and Bruce van Veenst/ Washington



Soviet MiG and American banking machine
Even ball bearings can be dangerous.

Danger in the Clean Room

For 8,000 male and female workers at five AT&T manufacturing plants around the U.S., a "clean room" is the low-humidity, highly sanitized workplace where noxious chemicals are used to make silicon wafers into microchips. Yet the clean rooms may be anything but. Last week AT&T disclosed that 15 pregnant employees who worked in those production areas had been warned about a sharply increased risk of miscarriage. When the company "strongly recommended" that they transfer to new jobs, at least until after they had given birth, all complied.

The AT&T move was the most recent response to evidence that the work involved in creating microchips can lead to miscarriages. Other semiconductor manufacturers, such as Intel, National Semiconductor, Texas Instruments and Advanced Micro Devices, already encourage mothers-to-be to remove themselves from microchip production areas. The latest round of corporate concern originated with Digital Equipment, the computer-

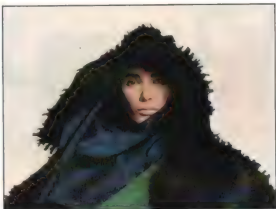
manufacturing firm, where a number of women production workers suffered miscarriages over the past five years. Digital commissioned a study of the problem by Harris Pastides and Edward Calabrese of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst's division of public health. The two investigated a group of 744 women and found a somber correlation. Pregnant women working where nitric and sulfuric acids were

used to engrave circuitry patterns on silicon wafers experienced a miscarriage rate of 39%, vs. the national average of roughly 20%. Even though it has long allowed pregnant workers to transfer from such areas, Digital says, its study is inconclusive. "We have the data," says Spokesman Jeff Gibson, "but we have no way of drawing any causal inferences from them."

For her part, Lydia Whitefield of AT&T emphasized that the latest wave of transfers was a "precautionary move." The company has commissioned its own study, which will explore the effects of clean-room operations not only on expectant women but on men and on women of childbearing age who are not pregnant. Meanwhile, all those employees may seek transfers out of the clean room.



Worker at AT&T chip plant



Range and Power

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Look Out for the Spanish Bulls

Madrid has suddenly become a magnet for foreign investment

Expect for the international set that frolics on its Mediterranean beaches. Spain has long been anything but an In country. It was something of a pariah for decades under the dictatorial rule of Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Suddenly, however, it has become one of the hot spots on the international business scene. Just one year after Spain won full-fledged membership in the European Community, the country's economic growth is accelerating, its stock market is surging, and foreign capital is pouring across its borders at a record rate. Spanish businessmen are already looking ahead to an expected bonanza from the 1992 Summer

U.S. has threatened to slap a 200% punitive tariff on such European products as Gouda cheese and gin.

Whatever controversy Spain's new economic policies have stirred up, they have helped boost Spain's economic growth rate from 2.1% in 1985 to an estimated 3% last year. They have attracted a phenomenal influx of foreign money. According to government figures, \$4.17 billion flowed into Spain during the first ten months of 1986, an increase of 115% over the same period in 1985. Two attractions: Spain's low labor costs, which run 15% less than the European average, and the country's large population of consumers

AT&T was lured in part by the Spanish government's aid, which included a \$74 million cash subsidy, a \$75 million loan and 400 acres of land.

Spain's auto industry has drawn heavy foreign interest. Ford España plans a \$600 million expansion over the next four years. Volkswagen recently took control of Spain's SEAT carmaker, received \$1.2 billion in cash aid from the Spanish government and plans to pour \$3.6 billion into its acquisition by 1997.

One sure sign that Spain has joined the business big leagues is the arrival of the Japanese. Their investments in manufacturing, banking and other enterprises have grown from less than \$1 million in 1980 to an estimated \$200 million last year. Fujitsu intends to spend \$50 million in the next three years to double the size of a factory in Málaga that produces mainframe computers. Sharp will soon



New office towers sprout in the capital

Says a Citibank executive: "Many companies are putting up money, and those that aren't are wondering if they should."

Olympic Games in Barcelona and a Seville world's fair that year to commemorate the 500th anniversary of Columbus' first voyage to the Americas. The mood in Spain is distinctly bullish.

Much of the credit goes to the pragmatic Socialist government of Prime Minister Felipe González Márquez, 44, who is now in his fifth year in office. González has offered generous investment incentives to both domestic and foreign companies. These subsidies often include grants amounting to as much as 30% of a firm's capital outlays, as well as tax breaks that increase with the number of Spanish workers hired. Under the government's direction, many once sclerotic state-owned companies are selling off parts of their operations or forming joint ventures with private firms. Most important, by leading his country into the European Community, González has opened large new markets for Spain's companies. One unfortunate side effect—for the U.S., at least—is that E.C. rules require Spain to boost its tariffs on American grain. The



Action on the Spanish bourse: a fiesta with the fastest-rising market index in Western Europe

Says a Citibank executive: "Many companies are putting up money, and those that aren't are wondering if they should."

139 million). Says Courtenay Worthington, Citibank España's general manager: "Spain is becoming a magnet for foreign investment. Many companies are putting up money, and those that aren't are wondering if they should."

The signs of Spain's new international standing are abundant. Along the stately, tree-lined Paseo de la Castellana, a boulevard that runs through Madrid's main business district a rush by foreign banks and other multinational companies to rent or buy scarce office space has helped raise real estate prices 20% over the past year. U.S. European and Japanese businessmen throng Spanish golf courses and savor Madrid's night life.

In a new industrial zone just outside the capital city, joint ventures between Spanish and foreign firms are mushrooming. Perhaps the most impressive project is a \$200 million plant being built by a partnership of AT&T and Spain's Telefónica. The factory will soon begin producing 3,000 highly complex custom-made electronic microchips a week for export.

start building television sets in Barcelona.

As foreigners say *olé* to Spain, the Madrid stock exchange is becoming an almost constant fiesta. The ornate 19th century bourse has been Western Europe's top performer; its main market index rose 101% in 1986. Foreign investors bought Spanish stocks worth \$3 billion in the first ten months of last year, in contrast to \$740 million during 1985.

For all the new excitement in Spain, the country continues to have serious economic problems. Unemployment remains at a distressing 20.7%, and inflation, though down from 14.4% four years ago, hovers at about 9%. Laws that make it costly to lay off unneeded employees have kept productivity low, and threats against foreign businesses by ETA, the terrorist Basque-separatist organization, are worrisome. But the unprecedented flood of foreign money into Spain and the government's resourceful policies are offering the country its best chance in decades to build a modern economy and a prosperous society.

—By Adam Zagorin/Madrid



Nuclear energy vs. foreign oil dependence: Cheaper gas drives home the point.

Something to think about the next time you're putting cheaper gas in your car: electricity from America's 100 nuclear power plants is one of the reasons why we're now enjoying greater energy independence and lower oil and gasoline prices. It sounds strange, but it makes sense.

Nuclear energy vs. OPEC

After all, nuclear energy and the electricity it generates are taking the place of foreign oil. In fact, the main reason we depend on foreign oil is because our own oil resources are limited.

Even OPEC admits that nuclear-generated electricity along with other energy sources and improved energy efficiency have cut the demand for OPEC oil. And the lower the demand, the lower the price.

OPEC analysts conclude that without nuclear-generated electricity, the world would be burning an extra 6 million barrels of oil every day.

Nuclear electricity for America's security

Clearly, using more nuclear energy helps us avoid the whims and willfulness of foreign powers and their oil-price roller coaster. That's a critical point as lower prices lure America back to a dangerous dependence on foreign oil.

The international news journal *The Economist* recently wrote: "Only by investing heavily in nuclear power today can the world be sure of avoiding high-cost energy in the 1990s and beyond."

Fortunately, America has one-fourth of the world's uranium supply. That's enough to fuel all

our nuclear plants and more well into the next century.

Safe energy for a secure future

U.S. nuclear plants have a whole series of multiple backup safety systems to *prevent* accidents. And superthick containment buildings are designed to protect the public even if something goes wrong. It's called "safety in depth."

Nuclear energy can keep us moving securely into the 21st century. With its help, another oil crisis may never happen.

For a free booklet on energy independence, write to the U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 1537 (OG1), Ridgely, MD 21681. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Information about energy
America can count on
U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

Business Notes



A dented reputation from sudden acceleration



Bentsen's message to the IRS



Silver Reed's Porta Copy, a small wonder at work

TAXES

Finding Fault With Form W-4

Are the new, expanded W-4 forms causing any problems for taxpayers? "My God, yes!" moans Marcia Coppertino, who heads a tax-preparing firm in Inglewood, Calif. "I've even had lawyers call me because they couldn't understand it." The new W-4, which was designed to help taxpayers accurately calculate their withholding level under the new tax law, is producing an epidemic of headaches. Last week Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, joined puzzled taxpayers in trashing the four-page W-4, which is twice as long as the old one. In a letter to Lawrence Gibbs, the Internal Revenue Service commissioner, Bentsen asked the IRS to consider making the W-4 optional or substituting a shorter form. But the agency says it has no plans to do so, because 100 million of the W-4s have already been sent to employers.

DEALS

Big Steel for Small Change

For just \$100,000, less than the price of an average single-family house, Investor Lloyd Lubensky managed to buy a

34.2% controlling interest in the seventh largest U.S. steel company, Wheeling-Pittsburgh, according to papers filed last week with the Securities and Exchange Commission. The 1.7 million shares he acquired had a market value of \$13.5 million on the day he paid the \$100,000 for them. Dec. 31, Lubensky bought the stock for the lower price from a friend, Wheeling Chairman Allen Paulson, who resigned a week later. Paulson apparently intends to use the virtual giveaway as an income-tax write-off. SEC officials said the deal was legal, but an IRS spokesman said it would arouse scrutiny at the agency.

AUTOS

A Shifty Audi Gets a Recall

The sleek Audi 5000, a \$20,000-plus import, has run into such a mire of controversy that last week the West German automaker recalled all such models with automatic transmissions sold in the U.S. from 1978 to 1986—a total of 250,000 cars. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, which asked for the recall, has logged some 700 complaints that the Audi model suddenly accelerated when the driver shifted from park into reverse or drive. Some 230 injuries and five deaths are blamed on the problem.

The rising toll of accidents

has seriously hurt the company's U.S. image: sales in 1986 fell almost 20% from the previous year, to 59,797 autos. To prevent more accidents, Audi will equip the recalled cars with a shift-lock device, which forces the driver to press the brake pedal while shifting out of park. But many Audi owners maintain that the shift lock will not solve the problem. They want the company to buy back the accident-plagued autos or make major changes in the car's design.

GOVERNMENT

Balancing Act At the Fed

One of President Reagan's legacies will be a Federal Reserve Board that is stacked to his liking. All four of his appointees on the seven-member panel agree to varying degrees with the doctrine of keeping a loose rein on the money supply to promote economic growth. But judging by the names of likely nominees for the two latest vacancies, which became an item of speculation last week, the Administration now seems inclined to continue to let the board have some dissenting voices. One probable nominee is Leif Olsen, 60, a former Citibank economist who leans toward a monetarist, or tight-money, philosophy. Another is Edward Kelley, 54, a Houston investment counselor who displays no

particular allegiance to easy-money thinking.

TECHNOLOGY

Have Copier, Will Travel

Warning to bleary-eyed traveling executives: that gadget you thought was your electric shaver could be making a copy of your chin. Meet the incredible shrinking copier machine. The new, hand-held devices, priced from \$250 to \$350, are arriving from Japan and slipping into briefcases and little market niches in the U.S. The battery-powered machines, when moved slowly down a newspaper column or across a passage in a book, can instantly produce a copy on a strip of paper about 1 1/4-in. to 3/4-in. wide. They use miniaturized thermal technology to transfer images onto the special heat-sensitive paper, which costs about \$2 for a 33-ft. roll.

The first microcopier to be sold in the U.S., the Plus USA brand, appeared last summer, followed a few months later by rivals from Silver Reed and Panasonic. More than 17,000 of the devices have been sold, the majority since November. Though the machines can be tricky to operate and often produce relatively low-quality copies, the manufacturers foresee dozens of uses, ranging from the copying of driver's licenses by police officers to the duplicating of recipe cards by chefs.

Show Business

COVER STORY

Platoon

Viet Nam, the way it really was, on film



Dispatch
from the front
lines: soldiers
carrying a
wounded
comrade home:
memorial
witness to the
disasters
of war



Oliver Stone sprang up in bed and found fear staining his sheets. A dream had startled him awake. He was 16 years out of Viet Nam, but in the dream, "they had shipped me back. Somehow they found me at the age of 38 and sent me back. I woke up in a sweat, in total terror." That was two years ago. Now Stone, who earned a Bronze Star and a MASH unit's worth of physical and emotional wounds in the jungles of Viet Nam, has transformed his war experience—the bad dream he lived through for 15 months in 1967-68—into a film called *Platoon*. With craft, crackle, a little bombast and plenty of residual rage, he has created a time-capsule movie that explodes like a frag bomb in the consciousness of America, show-

ing how it was back then, over there. Begin with a birth: a baby-faced soldier, Chris Taylor (Charlie Sheen), is delivered from the womb of a transport plane into the harsh light of Viet Nam. He will find death soon enough: four patrols in the film, four wrenching revelations. On Chris' first night patrol he watches, paralyzed with fear, as the enemy approaches and another new boy dies. On a second patrol the platoon enters a village that might be My Lai; anger goads Chris to spit bullets at the feet of a petrified Vietnamese, and before the day is over the group's leader, Sergeant Barnes (Tom Berenger), has seen to the slaughtering of villagers before the entire place is torched. During a third battle, Barnes tracks down a woods-wise sergeant, Elias (Willem Dafoe), who had interrupted Barnes' massa-

cre, shoots him and leaves him for dead. On the final patrol Chris flips into heroism or psychosis, wipes out a nest of North Vietnamese and confronts the demon he has almost become. End with a murder—the last of too bloody many.

Welcome to the old nightmare—the one neither Stone nor the 2.7 million American soldiers who went to Viet Nam can shake. Welcome back to the war that, just 20 years ago, turned America schizophrenic. Suddenly we were a nation split between left and right, black and white, hip and square, mothers and fathers, parents and children. For a nation whose war history had read like a John Wayne war movie—where good guys finish first by being tough and playing fair—the polarization was soul-souring. Americans were fighting themselves, and both sides lost.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



Platoon pushes the metaphor further, thousands of miles away from the "world," into the combat zones of Nam. *Platoon* says that American soldiers—the young men we sent there to do our righteous dirty work—turned their frustrations toward fratricide. In Viet Nam, Stone suggests, G.I.s re-created the world back home, with its antagonisms of race, region and class. Finding no clear and honorable path to victory in the booby-trapped underbrush, some grunts focused their gunshots on their comrades. The Viet Cong and North Vietnamese army (NVA) were shadowy figures in this family tragedy; stage center, it was sibling rivalry. Stone's achievement is to pound and hack this theme into a ripping yarn about a good man, an evil man and an Everyman—a young, romanticized Oliver Stone—suspended between them with his life and ideals in the balance. In vivid im-

spring will see two new movies set in Viet Nam. *The Hanoi Hilton* and Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket*. In a movie season of Trekkies, Dundeers and dentist-devouring houseplants, Oliver Stone has proved that a film can still roil the blood of the American body politic. *Platoon* the picture is now *Platoon* the phenomenon.

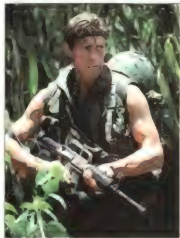
It is a picture first and foremost, a series of pictures that lodge in the mind with other indelible images of war. The prop wash from a landing helicopter blows the tarpaulins off three bodies, their shrouds torn off, their makeshift graves defiled. In the village, after the slaughter, the soldiers carry Vietnamese children on their shoulders—G.I. Joes, big brothers to the kids whose village they have just destroyed—and the soldier who bashed a man's head takes a tourist snapshot of the holocaust. More than any other film, *Platoon* gives the sense—all five senses—of fighting in

renger, the film's showcase psychopath, imagines that "it must have made Stone feel like an old man, carrying the project around for so long. He said it broke his heart." Then something interesting happened: people went for *Platoon*. Most critics were impressed, many were impassioned, and even those who trashed the picture helped make it the season's top conversation piece. Soon long lines were forming outside the movie's Times Square flagship—at lunchtime, on weekdays, in the hawk bite of a January wind—and after midnight in early-to-bed Hollywood. In 74 theaters on the Jan. 9-11 weekend, *Platoon* averaged more than \$22,000, the highest per-screen take of any new film.

In the industry, Stone's old colleagues and fellow directors have laid on their benedictions. Woody Allen calls it a "fine movie, an excellent movie." Says Steven Spielberg: "It is more than a movie; it's like being in Viet Nam. *Platoon* makes you feel you've been there and never want to go back." James Woods, who starred in Stone's previous film, *Salvador*, calls him an "artist whose vision transcends politics. Everyone from the ex-hippie to the ex-grunt can be moved by *Platoon*. And his passion isn't bogus—he doesn't play *Imagine* at the end of the film to break people's hearts." Brian De Palma, who filmed *Scarface* from a Stone script, sees him achieving a volcanic maturity in *Platoon*: "He has now channeled his feeling and energy into a cohesive dramatic work. He's an auteur making a movie about what he experienced and understands. Seeing *Platoon* get through the system makes the soul feel good."

With its critical, popular and insider acclaim swelling, *Platoon* began to shoulder its way toward the front rank of Oscar favorites. By now it would have to be counted as the front runner, and Hollywood is furrowing its back with self-congratulatory pats for making this big bold message movie. To Stone, Hollywood's claim of paternity for *Platoon* must seem a rich joke. He and Hollywood both know that *Platoon*—like *The Deer Hunter*, *Apocalypse Now*, *The Boys in Company C*, *The Killing Fields* and nearly all the serious movies about the war in Southeast Asia—secured its major financing from foreign producers. "It was a picture we wanted to support," says John Daly, chairman of Britain's Hemdale Pictures, which also produced *Salvador*. "We respect Oliver's passions. Besides, he spent only \$6 million on *Platoon*"—about half the budget of a typical Hollywood film.

The typical film, though, does not provoke a political free-for-all. Many conservatives have taken up arms against *Platoon*. In the far-right Washington *Times* *Insight* magazine, John Podhoretz castigates it as "one of the most repellent movies ever made in this country." The film, he says, "blackens the name and belittles the sacrifice of every man and woman who served the United States in the Viet Nam War (including Stone)." Politicians are eager to return the salvo. Former Senator Gary Hart, aware of the



Willem Dafoe
as Sergeant
Elias, above;
Charlie Sheen
as Chris



agery and incendiary action. Stone's film asks of our soldiers, "Am I my brother's killer?" The answer is an anguished yes.

And a resounding "you bet!" to the question, Can a ferocious movie about an unpopular war, filmed on the cheap with no stars and turned down by every major studio, find success, controversy and the promise of an Oscar statuette at the end of the tunnel? In its early limited opening, *Platoon* is already a prestige hit, and the film shows signs of becoming a blockbuster as it opens across the country over the next three weeks. It has captivated intellectuals, movie buffs and urban grunts—astonishing, across-the-board appeal for a hellacious sermon. It has ignited a fire storm of debate, from political swamis and Viet vets, on its merits as art and history. It is the fountainhead for a freshest of Viet Nam exploration: *We Can Keep You Forever*, a BBC documentary about the mystery surrounding MIA's, will be aired Wednesday in 21 U.S. cities, and this

Viet Nam. You can wilt from the claustrophobic heat of this Rousseauian jungle; feel the sting of the leeches as they snack on Chris' flesh; hear all at once the chorus of insects, an enemy's approaching footsteps on the green carpet and Chris' heartbeat on night patrol. The film does not glamourize or trivialize death with grotesque special effects. But it jolts the viewer alive to the sensuousness of danger, fear and war lust. All senses must be alert when your life is at stake, and Oliver Stone is an artist-showman who can make movies seem a matter of life and death.

Until Dec. 19, though, when *Platoon* opened, Hollywood had thought the picture a matter of indifference. It had taken Stone ten hungry years to get the project going. "For two years in the late '70s," says Producer Martin Bregman, "I banged on every door in California to get it done, but at that time Viet Nam was still a no-no." Tom Be-

electorate's fondness for presidential candidates with movie credentials, campaigns for the film by urging that "every teenager in America should see *Platoon*."

Now ask a man who's been there: David Halberstam, who covered the war for the New York Times and, in *The Best and the Brightest*, documented two Administrations' slides into the Big Muddy. "*Platoon* is the first real Viet Nam film," Halberstam proclaims, "and one of the great war movies of all time. The other Hollywood Viet Nam films have been a rape of history. But *Platoon* is historically and politically accurate. It understands something that the architects of the war never did: how the foliage, the thickness of the jungle, negated U.S. technological superiority. You can see how the forest sucks in American soldiers; they just disappear. I think the film will become an American classic. Thirty years from now, people will think of the Viet Nam War as *Platoon*."

Neither Sly Stallone nor Oliver Stone can put the whole picture of Viet Nam on a movie screen. There were 2.7 million stories in the naked jungle. Each veteran has his own vision of the war, and each will have his own vision of *Platoon*. More than a few are disturbed by its presentation of a military unit at war with itself. Says Bob Duncan, 39, who served in the 1st Infantry at the same time Stone was in the 25th: "He managed to take every cliché—the 'baby killer' and 'dope addict'—that we've lived with for the past 20 years and stick them in the movie about Viet Nam." Says another veteran, Nick Nickelson, 43: "I hope this doesn't bring back those old depictions. God help us. I don't want to go back into a closet again."

Other vets deny the prevalence of dope smoking and the depiction of military officers as either psychos or cowards. But John Wheeler, 42, a veteran who is president of the Center for the Study of the Viet Nam Generation in Washington and chairman of the Viet Nam Veterans Memorial Fund, argues that "there were drug cultures; there were green lieutenants. Stone wanted to clean out the festering part of the wound. The next Viet Nam movie may be the one that tells the whole truth: that we were the best-equipped, best-trained army ever fielded, but against a dedicated foe in an impossible terrain. It was a state-of-the-art war on both sides. But *Platoon* is a new statement about Viet Nam veterans. Before, we were either objects of pity or objects that had to be defused to keep us at a distance. *Platoon* makes us real. The Viet Nam Memorial was one gate our country had to pass through; *Platoon* is another. It is part of the healing process. It speaks to our generation. Those guys are us."

Listen to these guys, and you may suspect that *Platoon* is not so much a movie as a Rorschach blot. But that is part of the caginess of Stone's approach. The French filmmaker Jean-Luc Godard once wrote that when a good film is also a popular film, it is because of a misunderstanding. *Platoon* could very well be misunderstood

into superstar status. The army of Rambo-maniacs will love the picture because it delivers more bang for the buck; all those yellow folks blow up real good. Aging lefties can see the film as a demonstration of war's inhuman futility. Graybeards on the right may call it a tribute to our fighting men, in whatever foreign adventure. The intelligentsia can credit *Platoon* with expressing, in bold cinematic strokes, Stone's grand themes of comradeship and betrayal. And the average youthful moviegoer—too young to remember Viet Nam even as the living-room war—may discover where Dad went in the 1960s and why he came home changed or came home in a body bag.

"In any other war, they would have made movies about us too. *Dateline: Hell!*, *Dispatch from Dong Ha*, maybe even *A Scrambler to the Front*... But Viet Nam is awkward, everybody knows how awk-

ward, and if people don't even want to hear about it, you know they're not going to pay money to sit there in the dark and have it brought up." So wrote Michael Herr in *Dispatches*, published in 1977, a year before the first spate of Viet Nam dramas. (The mid-60s had offered a couple of World War II wheezes disguised as topical films: *A Yank in Viet Nam*, so poorly received that it changed its name to *Year of the Tiger*, and John Wayne's hilariously wrongheaded *The Green Berets*, with its famous climax of the sun setting in the east.) 1978 brought three pictures—*Coming Home*, *The Boys in Company C* and *The Deer Hunter*—that touched on Viet Nam, and the following year Francis Coppola released *Apocalypse Now*.

Trouble was, most of these films were not about Viet Nam. *Coming Home* was a disabled-vet love story—*The Best Years of Our Lives* with Jon Voight in the Harold



Barnes (Tom Berenger) terrorizes a child; leaving the burning village



How the War Was Won

Actors often grumble about the rigors of filming in remote locations, but few have faced half the hardships inflicted on the cast of *Platoon*. Fresh from the fleshpots of New York and Los Angeles, the film's young stars found themselves deep in the Philippine jungle, which stood in nicely for Viet Nam. Clad in sweat-soaked fatigues and stooped beneath 60-lb. backpacks and rifles, they marched day and night through leech-infested streams and swarms of insects.

Taunted by a Marine drill instructor who called them "weenies" and some names not fit to print, the actors rappelled down a 50-ft. tower and clambered up an 80-ft. cliff. They were scared witless by special-effects mortar blasts, booby traps and "enemy" ambushes. Dinner was cold Army rations slathered with Tabasco sauce. Sleep meant grubbing a two-man foxhole and dozing in fitful two-hour shifts, interrupted by guard duty and gunfire. And that was only prelude. Filming of *Platoon* commenced only after two intense weeks of slogging in the bush.

The architect of this unique cinematic boot camp, this military Method acting class, was Captain Dale Dye, 42, a retired Marine Corps lifer who served as the film's technical adviser. He vowed to "give some of these soft city kids a crash course in jungle fighting." Tall and ruggedly handsome, with an aura of laconic authority, Dye appears on-screen in *Platoon* as the captain who calls in an air strike on his own defeated position.

Like Oliver Stone, Dye is a decorated Viet Nam veteran. His was among the first units to splash ashore there in 1965. Over the next decade, he saw buddies die at such hot spots as Hue and Foxrot Ridge, and he was wounded three times by rockets and mortar fire. "We fought a hell of a war," he declares, "and until now, Hollywood didn't give a damn about getting it right."

Dye created his consultancy, Warriors Inc., in 1985 out of distaste for what he considered the metaphorical rambling of such films as *Apocalypse Now* and *The Deer Hunter* and for the revenge fantasies of the *Rambo* genre. Not only was the drama phony (soldiers surfing through an artillery attack in *Apocalypse Now*) and the detail wrong (Sylvester Stallone launching rockets with the radio button on a helicopter control stick) but an essential point of view was missing. "The story that needs to come out," Dye says, "is the human one: what happened to the people who fought the war."

In Stone, Dye found a kindred spirit who wanted *Platoon*'s actors to experience the fatigue, frayed nerves and fear that preyed on the Viet Nam infantryman and to understand the casual brutality that often emerged. Willem Dafoe, who plays Sergeant Elias, the platoon's conscience, recalls that "we certainly did get some taste of exhaustion, frustration and confusion." Tom Berenger, who plays the soul-dead Sergeant Barnes, agrees. "We didn't even have to act. We were there."

Once Dye had the cast thoroughly sore-footed and stinking, Stone began filming, without a break, and continued for nine straight weeks. "They looked mean," Stone says, "and they stayed that way." Roaming the sets, Dye ensured the authenticity of every detail, from Barnes' wicked dagger ("Worn upside-down for quicker killing," Dye explains) to the proper use of white plastic C-ration spoons. No one said "Over and out" on the field radio, and no one wore camouflage fatigues, which came into use after the period depicted by the film.

During breaks, Dye coached the actors in "gruntspeak," the explosive-laced jargon of the Viet Nam foot soldier, and he demonstrated an intricate '60s-era handshake. "I had to keep reminding myself," he says, "that for the younger guys, the '60s are ancient history."

Dye's politics, not surprisingly, are fervently anti-Communist: between his retirement from the Marines in 1984 and his move to Hollywood a year later, he edited *Soldier of Fortune* magazine and unofficially trained Nicaraguan contras. Good-humored political arguments raged between Dye and Stone, who called each other "John Wayne" and "the Bolshevik." Dye is not concerned that many, including Stone, see *Platoon* as an antiwar film: "My hope is that it will encourage America not to waste its soldiers' lives in wars that it is not willing or able to win." That theme is further explored in one of Dye's current projects: a screenplay based on his last foreign tour, with the ill-fated U.S. Marine detachment in Beirut.



Dye in his office

Russell role. *The Deer Hunter* was... well, what was it? An incoherent parable about male bonding through Russian roulette. Bats and beautiful, it stood like Ishmael on the prow of its pretensions and declared, "Call me masterpiece." *Apocalypse Now* was fine as long as it accompanied its doomed, questing hero (played by Martin Sheen, Charlie's father) upstream on the River Styx; then it fogged off into fantasyland with Marlon Buddha. Only *Company C*, a standard-issue war film about recruits betrayed by their incompetent officers, spent much time in a Nam combat zone. But it really resided, with *The Green Berets*, in the twilight zone of World War II gestures and bromides.

Hollywood (and not just Hollywood) refused to see that Viet Nam was different. All the old givens—beau geste, military master plans, unswerving belief in the officer class—were fatally irrelevant to a guerrilla war. Forget the World War II narrative line of tanks and tactics, which moved with the ponderous sweep of a Golden Age Hollywood plot. Viet Nam, set in jungles without beginning or end, was a flash of episodic, aleatory explosions; it was modernism brought to war. And a new kind of war demanded a new look at the war-movie genre. *Platoon* fills the bill. It is a huge black slab of remembrance, chiseled in sorrow and anger—the first Viet Nam Memorial movie.

Though *Platoon* is a breakthrough, it is not a breakthrough. The film is traditional enough to connect with a mass audience. In its story line it holds echoes of *Attack!*, Robert Aldrich's 1956 psychodrama, in which a World War II infantry company is torn by a mortal struggle between two officers—one messianic, the other deranged—while a young man's loyalty hangs in the balance. *Platoon*'s narration, in the form of Chris' letters to his grandmother, is often as stilted and redundant as silent-movie title cards. When a naive new boy shows Chris a photo of his sweetheart, you just know that, in the best '40s-movie fashion, the guy's a goner.

There are darker currents, too, of a passive racism. The black soldiers are occasionally patronized and sentimentalized. They stand to the side while the white soldiers grab all the big emotions. And the Vietnamese are either pathetic victims or the invisible, inhuman enemy. In the scheme of *Platoon* (and not just *Platoon*) they do not matter. The nearly 1 million Vietnamese casualties are deemed trivial compared with America's loss of innocence, of allies, of geopolitical face. And the tragedy of Viet Nam is seen as this: not that they died, but that we debased ourselves by killing them.

Of course, *Platoon* need not be every possible Viet Nam film to be the best one so far. It is enough that Stone has devised a drama of palpable realism that is also a metaphor for the uncivil war that raged in the U.S. and can flare up anytime in any family. Indeed, at the film's molten core is the tug of wills between two strong men, outsize figures of shameless strutting cha-

—By Dan Goodgame/Los Angeles

risma, for parentage of their platoon and for their new recruit, Chris Barnes, the staff sergeant, could be Chris' legal father; Elias, the romantic renegade, could be a spiritual father, even after his death. They are like Claudius and the Ghost wrestling for Hamlet's allegiance.

Both men are legendary soldiers who have survived long years in Viet Nam—Elias by a kind of supernal sylvan grace, Barnes by simply refusing to die. Elias is Jesus crossed with Jim Morrison. He will literally take a load off Chris' shoulders, or share a fraternal toke with Chris through the barrel of a rifle, or smile ingenuously at his killer. He is hard to know and harder to destroy, a creature of Stone's wild literary sentiment. Barnes, who says of some fresh corpses, "Tag 'em and bag 'em," has no sentiment at all. When he pulls a steaming metal shard out of a wounded G.I.'s side, it seems as much to display his expertise as to relieve the man's pain. He will do anything to achieve his objective: lead a suicide mission or send his rival on one; murder a village woman in cold blood or taunt his men toward murdering him. Chris, who feels an irresistible kinship to both men, says they were "fighting for possession of my soul." The film's most controversial question is, Who won?

At this point, readers who have not seen *Platoon* are excused for the next two paragraphs. The others, the grizzled vets, can ponder Chris' motives and actions at the film's climax. He believes (and we know) that Barnes has killed Elias in the jungle. He has already considered taking murderous revenge and been told, "The only thing that can kill Barnes is Barnes." On his last patrol, Chris' suicidal resolve turns him into a mean, obscene fighting machine—a rifle with a body attached, as reckless as Barnes, as resourceful as Elias—and he leaves half a dozen NVA in his wake. Now Barnes finds Chris and is ready to kill him when a blast knocks them unconscious. Later Chris revives and finds the injured Barnes ordering him to get a medic. The young man lifts his weapon and, when Barnes says, "Do it," does the bastard in.

In the movie theaters, this illegal shooting usually gets a big hand. Righteous vengeance. Good guy kills bad guy. It is the kind of movie catharsis that may make *Platoon* a megahit. But can Chris or the audience take moral satisfaction in this deed? Which "father" has he followed? Has Chris become like Elias, back

from the grave to avenge his own murder? "You have to fight evil if you are going to be a good man," Stone says. "That's why Chris killed Barnes. Because Barnes deserved killing." Or has he emulated his enemy? Has he become Barnes in order to kill him? Stone has another answer: "I also wanted to show that Chris came out of the war stained and soiled—all of us, every vet. I want vets to face up to it and be proud they came back. So what if there was some bad in us? That's the price you pay. Chris pays a big price. He becomes a murderer." A good man, and a murderer?

hard. The important thing was to make a living." Jacqueline Stone was just the opposite: inexhaustibly sociable, the original *bête de fête*. "My mother loved movies," Stone says, "and every Monday I'd play hooky, and we'd go see two or three movies. From the start, I had the contradiction in me: my mother's outgoing, optimistic, French side and the dark, pessimistic, Jewish side of my father."

The Stones lived in Manhattan town houses and Stamford, Conn., homes. Oliver went to Manhattan's tony Trinity School and the Hill School in Pottstown,

Pa.; he summered with his maternal grandparents and spoke French before he learned English. (From Viet Nam, Oliver would write his grandmother versions of the letters that Chris reads in *Platoon*.) At five he composed skits for a marionette show, casting his French cousins in the parts. At seven he wrote stories. To earn a quarter for a *Classic* comic book, he would write a theme each week for his father. And at nine he started work on a book, 900 pages about his family and his life.

Oliver stopped writing the book when he was twelve; the family stopped when Oliver was 16. "The news of their divorce came as a total shock," Stone recalls. "The Hill School headmaster was the one who told me. And when they were divorced, my father gave me the facts of life. He told me that he was heavily in debt. He said, 'I'll give you a college education, and then you're on your own. There's literally no money.'"

Lou Stone never recovered financially. "And yet," his son says, "I think his reversal helped push me to leave my privileged childhood behind. I finished Hill and spent a year at Yale, but I saw myself as a product—an East Coast socioeconomic product—and I wanted to break out of the mold. Then I read *Lord Jim*. Conrad's world was exotic and lush; it exercised a tremendous allure for me." It

also propelled Oliver into a teaching job at a Chinese Catholic school in a Saigon suburb. It was 1965, the year a half million Yank soldiers landed in Viet Nam, and Stone was 18 years old. "I woke up in Asia," he says, "and it became an orphan home for me. It was everything I thought it would be: the heat, the green seas, the bloodied sunsets. In Saigon, the G.I.s from the 1st Infantry Division were just arriving. There were guys walking around with pistols, no curfews, shoot-outs in the streets. The place was like Dodge City."

Itinerary for a young wanderlust: on



Stone, center, with platoon buddies in 1967-68; directing the film



It is a tribute to *Platoon*'s cunning that it can sell this dilemma both ways, and a mark of Stone's complexity that he can argue either side and believe both.

The dichotomy was bred in him. Stone was born in 1946, the only child of a Jewish stockbroker and the French Catholic girl he met just after V-E day while serving as a colonel on Eisenhower's staff. Lou Stone wrote a monthly newsletter about economics and politics; his son describes the style as "right-wing Walter Lippmann, a view of the world every month. My father believed that life was

a merchant marine ship from Saigon to Oregon, in Guadalajara, Mexico, writing 400 pages of a novel: back to Yale, then dropping out a second and last time to concentrate on his writing. The book was now 1,400 pages. "It started out as a boy's suicide note—not that I was going to commit suicide, but I was very depressed. It was Jack London-type experiences in a Joycean style. Totally insane, with great passages of lyricism here and there. I thought it was the best thing since Rimbaud. And when Simon & Schuster rejected it, I gave up. I threw half the manuscript in the East River and said, 'My father is right. I'm a bum.' I felt the solution was total anonymity. I had to atone. So I joined the Army. They'd cut my hair, and I'd be a number. To me the American involvement was correct. My dad was a cold warrior, and I was a cold-war baby. I knew that Viet Nam was going to be the war of my generation, and I didn't want to miss it. I must say, my timing was impeccable." If the young man had failed as Rimbaud, he might make it as Rambo.

Nope. "My first day in Viet Nam,"

Stone says, "I realized, like Chris in *Platoon*, that I'd made a terrible mistake. It was on-the-job training: Here's your machete, kid; you cut point. You learn if you can, and if not you're dead. Nobody was motivated, except to get out. Survival was the key. It wasn't very romantic." Each of the three combat units he served in was divided into antagonistic groups, as in the film: "On one side were the lifers, the juicers [heavy drinkers] and the moron white element. Guys like Sergeant Barnes—and there really was a sergeant as scarred and obsessed as Barnes—were in this group. On the other side was a progressive, hippie, dope-smoking group: some blacks, some urban whites, Indians, random characters from odd places. Guys like Elias—and there really was an Elias, handsome, electric, the Cary Grant of the trenches. They were out to survive this bummer with some integrity and a sense of humor. I fell in with the progressives—a Yale boy who heard soul music and smoked dope for the first time in his life."

Most of *Platoon's* starkest events come from Stone's backpack of Viet Nam

memories. "I saw the enemy for the first time on my first night ambush," he recalls, "and I froze completely. Thank God the guy in the next position saw them and opened up. The ensuing fire fight was very messy. I was wounded in the back of the neck—an inch to the right and I'd have been dead—and the guy next to me had his arm blown off." He emptied his rifle clip at a man's feet, as Charlie does in the movie. "He wouldn't stop smiling," says Stone, "and I just got pissed off and lost it. But I did save a girl who was being raped by two of the guys. I think they would've killed her. I went over and broke it up. Another kid—he's like Bunny [Kevin Dillon] in the movie—clubbed this old lady to death and then kind of boasted about it. We killed a lot of innocents."

The battle at the end of the film was based on a New Year's Day skirmish less than a mile from the Cambodian border. "They hit us with about 5,000 troops that night. They laid bombs right on top of us; we dropped bombs right on them. It's possible that our high command was using us as bait to draw the Viet Cong out so we

My Brilliant Career

Three phones were constantly ringing, two dogs were underfoot, and one two-year-old son was scooting around the toy-strewn rooms of Oliver Stone's French country-style Santa Monica house. The writer-director, who seems capable of doing several things at once, was able to talk to *TIME* Correspondent Denise Worrell about his pre-*Platoon* movies and that peculiar state of mind called Hollywood. His comments:

My script for *Midnight Express* in 1978 developed into a real dark-horse success. It got me an Oscar [in 1979], which stunned me. I was 32. All of a sudden I went from being nobody for ten years—total reject—to being wanted by everybody. I wasn't quite ready for it. I was very much an artist in my mind, and I didn't understand that the movie business is a collaboration between art and money. I wasn't a vet. The same thing that had happened to me in Viet Nam happened to me in Hollywood: I got wounded, blown up right away. I tried to get my script for *Born on the Fourth of July* made. That was the Ron Kovic story, about a paralyzed vet. Al Pacino was to star, but at the last minute, the money wasn't there. I felt very bitter that making serious films was impossible in Hollywood. So I did *The Hand*.

That was a psychological horror story with special effects. But there was a lot of studio pressure. I wanted the picture to succeed, so I bowed. The trouble was that the studio wanted more hand. We spent close to a million dollars on this series of hands—40 or 50 of them. It was as if you had to be a mechanic to make this movie. It's better to work with a shark or a gorilla, because you have more space. But a hand?

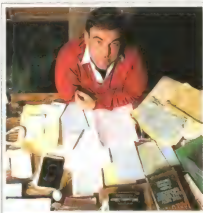
The studio made me shoot more and more horror. The picture was released in 1981, and the audience never went. I'd been hot, and all of a sudden I was cold. People who had wanted

me a year before didn't want to talk. I felt like a pariah.

From 1976 until then I had had a ball. I partied hard and did the Hollywood scene. I got into a lot of cocaine and mushrooms—wild mushrooms were heavy in those days. I'd try everything. Before I met my wife, I was sexually wild too. But I always kept a sober side. No matter how hard the night was, I would always write in the day. I felt Hemingway was right: The true test of a man is to be able to work with a hangover. But I think the drugs were hurting my writing. I was going stale. If you're not busy being born, you're busy dying. *The Hand* kind of buried me, so my wife Elizabeth and I—we had got married in 1981—decided it would be healthy for both of us to get out of town. So we moved to Paris in December 1981. We stopped drugs cold turkey. We had good food, good friends. It was cold; there was no heat in our apartment. It felt great.

I wrote *Scarface* basically as an adieu to cocaine. It had beaten the hell out of me, but I got my revenge by writing about it. I conceived the picture in terms of a comic opera. Some of my friends called it *Scarface*. I modeled it on *Richard III*. Brian De Palma, who directed it, has a slower camera than I do, so some of the script had to be cut. But I was very pleased with the movie. It's got me a lot of free champagne all over the world from gangsters who ask me how I know all those things.

Dino De Laurentiis promised that if I wrote the script for *Year of the Dragon*, he would produce *Platoon*. But he backed out because he couldn't get an American distribution deal, and I was in despair. Nothing was coming to me from the studios, and I decided to make a break from Hollywood. Richard Boyle, the guy a lot of the film is based on, was a friend. On the way to the airport one day, he gave me some notes. "Here, you might like this," he said. I read the sketches of his trips to El Salvador, and my mind clicked. "This is it," I said. "I am going to make *Salvador*. It's cheap. It's close."



The director in his office

Show Business

could inflict heavy casualties. We lost about 25 dead and 175 wounded; we killed about 500 of them. Their bodies were scraped up by bulldozers, just like in the movie. For that battle our platoon was on the inner perimeter, but two weeks later we went back into the same area and got hit by an ambush, like the one that gets Elias. We took about 30 casualties, and I don't think we got one of them."

For all the horrors of his season in hell, Stone admits he got what he went for, as a budding artist ravenous for material in the raw: "I saw combat at the ground level. I saw people die. I killed. I almost was killed. Almost immediately I realized that combat is totally random. It has nothing to do with heroism. Cowardice and heroism are the same emotion—fear—expressed differently. And life is a matter of luck. Two soldiers are standing two feet apart. One gets killed, the other lives. I was never a religious person—I was raised Protestant, the great compromise—but I became religious in Viet Nam. Possibly I was saved for a reason. To do some work. Write about it. Make a movie about it."

It would take Stone almost a decade, until 1976, before he could write the script of *Platoon*, and another decade to put it on the screen. But first he had to take his high, wired act on the road. The same month he arrived back from Viet Nam, he was busted for carrying an ounce of marijuana across the Mexico-U.S. border, and called his father, saying, "The good news is that I'm out of Viet Nam. The bad news is that I'm in California jail, facing five to 20." Stone says his father helped get the charges dropped. "That was my homecoming," he says. "I got a true picture of the States. I hated America. I would have joined the Black Panthers if they'd asked me. I was a radical, ready to kill." Back home his mother noticed the change: "As a little boy he was impeccable. He had his valet; his closet was immaculate. But when he returned he was a mess, always leaving things on the floor. He was a different boy."

And now an unsolicited testimonial: "I know it sounds corny, but I was saved by film school." He enrolled at New York University on the G.I. Bill. "To be able to study movies in college, it was any movie buff's dream. It was cool too, like studying to be an astronaut. Martin Scorsese was my first teacher. He was like a mad scientist, with hair down to here. He was someone on an equal wave of nuttiness. And he helped channel the rage in me." Stone made a short film for Scorsese's class called *Last Year in Viet Nam*, about a vet wandering the New York streets; in another, *Michael and Marie*, Oliver's father played

the victim. "Oliver was alienated, sarcastic and brooding," says his film-school friend Stanley Weiser, who is collaborating with Stone on a script about Wall Street crime. "A real macho man who carried the torture of Viet Nam with him but never talked about it."

In 1971 Stone graduated and married a Lebanese woman working at the Moroccan delegation to the United Nations; they divorced five years later. He wrote eleven scripts in his spare time, directed a low-budget Canadian thriller called *Seizure*, and in 1975 got an agent through the graces of Screenwriter Robert Bolt. A year later, as the tall ships clogged New York harbor, Stone sat down and wrote *Platoon*. "Essentially what I wanted to say was, Remember. Just remember what that war was. Re-

montage of one more Third World nation torn by civil war and shadowed by the looming bulk of American weaponry. This was the galvanizing political melodrama *Salvador*. Stone dedicated the film to his recently deceased father. "I remember one conversation we had right before he died. He said, 'You'll do all right. There'll always be a demand for great stories and great storytellers.' So finally he forgave me for going into the film business."

In *Salvador*, Stone was learning to wind the cinematic mechanism until it coiled with productive tension, both on the screen and on the set. "Working with Stone was like being caught in a Cuisinart with a madman," James Woods opines. "And he felt the same about me. It was two Tasmanian devils wrestling under a blanket. But he's a sharp director. He starts with a great idea, delegates authority well, scraps like a street fighter, then takes the best of what comes out of the fracas." Says Dale Dye, the Marine captain who *hated Platoon* actors to firm them up for filming: "Oliver thrives on chaos, throwing together a crew of such diverse backgrounds and ideologies that there's constant friction. It's the kind of energy he thrives on." *Platoon*'s star, Charlie Sheen, 21, found the director "brutally honest. Which is why we clicked. After a scene he'd say, 'You sucked' or 'You nailed it.' That's just my style."

Right now Stone is Hollywood's hot new guy. He is even entertaining the improbable idea of a *Platoon* TV series. But don't expect Stone to direct *Indiana Jones III*. Says Stanley Weiser:

"Oliver's been around the block ten times and won't be seduced by money. He's not an easy lay." Stone and his second wife, Elizabeth, 37, look the family-album picture of swank domesticity in their Santa Monica home. They swore off drugs a few years ago, and now seem addicted only to each other and their little son Sean. "Success and Sean have made Oliver much mellowed," Elizabeth notes. "But he's still a compulsive worker. Always reading or writing, he simply loves ideas. He's filled with them, and he's thrilled with them."

One suspects that the old troublemaker will find new trouble spots in the political landscape; the soapbox spieler will continue his spellbinding harangues. His mind and moral sense are too restless to relax in the glow of celebrity and the promise of statuettes. But for the moment, Oliver Stone has found for himself the one plot twist he would never have put in *Platoon*: a happy ending to his Viet Nam nightmare.

—By Richard Corliss
Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/New York, Elaine Dutka and Denise Wurrell/Los Angeles



Happy times at home with Wife Elizabeth and Son Sean in Santa Monica

member what war is. This is it. I wanted to make a document of this forgotten pocket of time. I felt Viet Nam was omitted from history books. Like a battle I fought in during the war: a lot of people got hurt that day, and it wasn't even listed as a battle by the Army, as if they didn't want to admit the casualties we suffered. The script I wrote is pretty much the one I shot ten years later. But no studio wanted to make it; it was too 'depressing' and 'grim.' So I buried it again, figuring that the truth of that war would never come out because America was blind, a trashier of history."

A wild man who becomes a witness: that was Oliver Stone reborn. As he scythed his way through the Hollywood jungle, Stone earned the rep of a specialist with a social agenda. Four of the scripts that bear his name—*Midnight Express*, *Scarface*, *Year of the Dragon* and *8 Million Ways to Die*—cataloged the seductive evils of the drug trade. Stone's third feature as writer-director after *Seizure* and, in 1981, *The Hand* placed his usual hip rants on pharmacology with a smart, anguished newsphoto

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Religion



The evangelist, with medical students at his university, preparing the controversial telecast

Your Money or His Life

Oral Roberts delivers an ultimatum to bolster his sagging empire

From wrinkled bills to neatly creased \$100 checks, donations poured into the Rev. Oral Roberts' sleek Tulsa headquarters last week. Cash and pledges have arrived in a steady stream over the past fortnight, at a rate of more than \$160,000 each day. That was the good news. But there was also the bad news: a television channel in Washington dumped two January episodes of his 30-minute telecast. Seven other outlets, including stations in Tulsa and Dallas, are now monitoring each of the United Methodist preacher's syndicated shows to see if they fit the stations' standards. The *Tulsa Tribune*, a somewhat sympathetic observer of Roberts over the years, declared in an editorial headline, COME OFF IT, ORAL.

The source of all the fuss was a Jan. 4 Roberts program. Surrounded by white-coated students, the evangelist launched into an appeal for money so that graduates of the medical school of Oral Roberts University, his 22-year-old institution in Tulsa, can serve in overseas missions. Viewers were urged to send at least \$100 apiece during the next three months to help reach a goal of \$4.5 million. Then Roberts dropped a bombshell. If donations fell short, said the 68-year-old preacher, God would strike him down. "I'm asking you to help extend my life," he said. "We're at the point where God could call Oral Roberts home in March."

Colleagues denied that Roberts had any health problems, and he repeated the give-now-or-else plea on his show last week. It was reinforced by his evangelist son Richard, 38, in a mass mailing that contained an entreaty for cash. Wrote Richard: "Let's not let this be my dad's last BIRTHDAY!"

Oral Roberts has long aroused controversy, not only during his 21 years as a touring faith healer but in his subsequent career as university president and medical administrator. The death revelation, however, was certainly the oddest of the messages from on high that Roberts has reported since he launched his \$250 million City of Faith Medical and Research Center in 1977. The first revelation was God's command to build the lavish complex, detailing such matters as a design with three towers of 20, 30 and 60 stories. In the next astonishing disclosure, Jesus appeared, standing "some 900 feet tall," and directed Roberts to persevere. As the need for money mounted, God ordered Roberts to require \$240 from each supporter, promising "breakthroughs" on cancer in return. The visions produced about \$10 million in gifts.

Aides to the evangelist denied that Roberts' sensational new appeal indicated financial problems in his spiritual empire. The ultramodern buildings of the 4,650-student university and adjacent medical complex are largely debt free, but obtaining enough income to keep the enterprises operating has proved difficult. The *Tulsa Tribune* reported last year that the voracious money demands of the hospital, clinic and research center were nearly twice Roberts' projections in the first year and continue to strip the university endowment and squeeze faculty income.

The steep costs have been worsened by the low daily average of 125 patients in the 294-bed hospital. A Roberts aide says the hospital (excluding the research center and clinic) operated in the black for the first time last month. To cut costs, 140 of the 1,000 medical-center staffers were

laid off, the dental school was closed, and the law school was given to Evangelist Pat Robertson's CBN University.

By some published accounts, contributions plummeted from \$88 million in 1980 to \$55 million last year. Another index of trouble: Arbitron ratings indicate that Oral Roberts' weekly TV congregation has dropped by more than half since 1977, though that is partly counterbalanced by an added daily show with his son as host.

Roberts' flamboyant fund raising has aroused criticism from secular commentators. A Tulsa radio personality joshed last week that a "900-foot Lassie" had told him to complete a 60-story dog-and-cat hospital and that noncontributors would die. More soberly, the *Tribune* editorial informed Roberts that his portrayal of a "petty, vengeful or idiotic God" is "close to sacrilege." General Manager David Lane of WFAA-TV, the offended Dallas station, stated that Oral's pitch "violates everything I believe in from a moral standpoint." But a Roberts aide, Jan Dargatz, explained that God has "always given Oral impossible goals, and if Oral can't get it done, there's a possibility of sacrifice in the process." A concerned engineering student at Oral Roberts University expressed a different theology. Said he: "God is greater than that. He doesn't need to use cheap tricks."

—By Richard N. Ostling.

Reported by Barbara Dolan/Tulsa

Toll-Free Woes

Clogging Jerry's phones

While Oral Roberts struggles with budgets, Fundamentalist Preacher Jerry Falwell faces a different kind of money pinch. The Lynchburg, Va., televangelist has long used toll-free phone numbers to assist viewers seeking spiritual help. The code-800 exchange has also worked well for fund raising, since those who phone in free are more likely to make pledges.

For many months Falwell feels aware that each phone-in costs \$1, have purposely clogged his lines. First an Atlantan who objects to TV ministers programmed his computer to dial Falwell every 30 seconds. Before Southern Bell stepped in, the stunt cost Falwell \$750,000. Then it was homosexual periodicals egging on readers to act against Falwell, an enemy of gay liberation. Late last year the *Daily Cardinal* student newspaper at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, ran a column advocating "telephone terrorism" and listed the 800 numbers of several targets, including Falwell.

The TV preacher estimates that annoyance calls cost him more than \$1 million last year, not counting lost donations. Falwell, who is considering legal action, regards the calls as "unlawful activities" that do "injury to the cause of Christ." ■

Health & Fitness

Getting an F for Flabby

U.S. youth comes up short on endurance, strength and flexibility

It promises to be this spring's hot number for teens and tots: a foam-padded T-shirt that instantly transforms the wearer into an incredible hulk. Already, 40,000 of the Power-Ts (at a hefty \$19.95 each) have been snapped up for children eager to flaunt fake peecs.

Alas, too many need to do so, for few can boast any real brawn. "It's the best-kept secret in America today—the lack of youth fitness," declares former Pro Football Coach George Allen, chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. "It's a disgrace." The alarm comes as a shock to most parents. Nine out of ten believe their own youngsters are physical marvels; a Louis Harris poll reported for *Children* magazine. In truth, 40% of boys and 70% of girls cannot do more than a single pull-up, according to a survey of 19,000 six-to-17-year-olds released last year by the President's council; a third of school-age boys and 50% of girls cannot run a mile in less than ten minutes. Changes in testing make comparisons difficult, but fitness experts generally agree that athletic ability has steadily sagged over the past 20 years. "Kids have no endurance, no strength and very little flexibility," says Allen gloomily.

Other studies echo the litany of laxity: in the past two decades the prevalence of obesity increased from 18% to 27% among children ages six to eleven and from 16% to 22% among those ages twelve to 17; 40% of youngsters ages five to eight have elevated blood-pressure or blood-cholesterol levels or do not exercise at all; any of these factors probably increases their risk of developing heart disease. Teens are cutting back on tobacco, but 18% of senior high



Make-believe muscles in the Power-T

Paying for peecs, not working for them.

school boys and 21% of senior girls still smoke one or more cigarettes every day. Warns Dr. Kenneth Cooper, founder of Dallas' Aerobics Center: "What's happening to our kids now will reap adverse effects in ten to 15 years."

Physical education, an integral part of school curriculums since World War II, is now considered expendable under tight budgets. Currently, 17 states have mandatory phys ed. Only a third of all students take such classes daily; many get as little as one hour a week. Where athletic programs exist, they often emphasize team sports rather than individual conditioning. "Baseball has become a cult," explains Dr. Paul Dymont, head of the American Academy of Pediatrics sports committee. "but it's a game of skill, not fitness."

In many communities the old ritual of playing outdoors after school has largely disappeared. In urban families in which both parents work, youngsters are often told to stay safely indoors. Then, too, there is the lure of computer games and television. Youngsters spend on average 24 hours a week before the flickering tube, all too frequently with fattening snack readily at hand. Some children may simply be sprouts of couch-potato parents, but even when elders set a sprightly example, it is not always enough. Aerobics Advocate Cooper, who skis and runs, most often finds his 16-year-old son Tyler sprawled before the TV set. Acknowledges High School Sophomore Monette Powell, 16, of Woodland, Calif.: "A lot of students don't like to exercise because it's too strenuous. They don't have the energy."

Some efforts are being made to get children to shape up and eat right. The largest impact should come this fall: the federal school lunch program, which feeds 24 million students each day, is revising menus to reduce fat, sugar and salt. On local levels, some undertakings are informal. For example, the Sports Training Institute in New York City is setting up exercise pep talks by such legendary athletes as John Havlicek and Arthur Ashe. Other attempts are more structured. Dayton is experimenting with Gamefield Fitness Systems at 45 of the city's schools. Designed by the National Fitness Campaign and costing \$7,800 each, the fields feature 16 activity stations for leg stretches, chin-ups and the like.

Florida has radically revised its physical program to stress individual accomplishment. Every term, high school students must now take some physical activity—golf, tennis, aerobics, weight training—and they must pass a personal-fitness course to graduate. This month ten Florida high schools began offering Shape Up, one of several pri-



Taking Shape Up's jump test in Larkspur, Calif., and sit-up exam in Manhattan; chinning on a Gamefield in Dayton



Education

Bad News About Math

Compared with other students, Americans are at sea with numbers

vately developed programs that are being adopted by educational systems around the nation. Students take six fitness tests and keep a food-and-drink diary for three days. The information is fed into a computer, which prints out an individual 20-page dossier, complete with sketches of where body fat is deposited plus diet and exercise recommendations. To keep participants motivated, Shape Up, which is funded by All American Gourmet, dishes out insignia T-shirts, shorts and headbands.

Other companies are also helping pull the weight. Fitnessgram, a program sponsored by Campbell Soup Co., reaches 2.3 million students in 50 states and abroad. Youngsters' performances on six exercises are computer-analyzed, a bar chart ranks scores against the national mean, and advice is given on how to improve. Like most report cards, the Fitnessgram is sent home. What to do then is left up to the parents and child. Many take the results seriously. Dissatisfied with her score, Laura Miller, 12, started jogging with her mother more frequently. "I wanted to train for the next Fitnessgram," says Laura, a seventh-grader at Jefferson Middle School in Olympia, Wash.

Some campaigns aim merely to educate. For five-to-eight-year-olds, *I'm a Fit Kid* uses Hallmark's popular Rainbow Brite character and a coloring-book format to lay out a simple daily-workout plan. About 1.5 million copies of the book have been distributed through family physicians and educators. By far the most comprehensive teaching effort is *Know Your Body*. Devised for kindergarten through junior high by the American Health Foundation, it uses workbooks, skits and rhymes to handle such topics as choosing "heart-healthy" foods and resisting the bad habits of peers. In addition, youngsters get individual "health passports" on which they can record annual figures for height, weight, blood pressure and blood cholesterol. A surprisingly high cholesterol reading for Houston Sixth-Grader David Hawkins triggered a whole new way of eating for his family. Meals once heavy with beef and fried foods are now dominated by pasta and vegetables. "It's pretty gross," says David, 12, "but I guess if I don't follow it, I'll be sorry when I'm 40."

Programs like the one David is in are beginning to demonstrate gains, but many more of them will be needed if the nation's youth is to lose its flaccid profile. Meanwhile, health experts read with awe and admiration about China and West Germany, where strenuous exercise programs for children are the norm. American lassitude is proving difficult to overcome. "It isn't like being in the locker room with 45 players and you go through that door and get immediate results," says George Allen, after five years of being coach to the nation. "It's very difficult to motivate 225 million Americans."

—By Anastasia Toufexis

Reported by Beth Austin/Chicago and Charles Pelton/San Francisco

In the third of the three Rs, American students would seem to have turned around in recent years. Since 1980, standardized math test scores have been tilting upward. The best mathematicians among U.S. collegians have performed strongly. Says University of Michigan Psychologist Harold Stevenson: "Teachers, parents and children all think they are doing just fine."

Not so, say three new studies carried out by Stevenson and by University of Illinois Education Professor Kenneth Travers—at least in comparison with other

pushing hard, since the results are presumably preordained. Second, while U.S. schools tend to stress the broader creative skills of reading and writing, other countries, particularly in Asia, emphasize math burned in by persistent instruction and exercises.

Also at fault is the U.S. curriculum, which "spirals" students through subjects, with a light introduction in the early years and subsequent returns to concepts at increasingly sophisticated levels. But spiraling, as implemented in the U.S., observes Travers, "fails miserably... We



countries. U.S. school youngsters, the studies found, rank low among 20-odd nations in mathematical skills from Grades 1 through 12. Among the key points of the three studies, which were the focus of a symposium convened in Washington last week by the National Research Council:

- In one test involving four school systems, no Chicago school studied had an average score as high as that of the school with the lowest average score in three cities in China and Japan. Moreover, the best individual Americans were not even close to the best Asians: of 8,000 elementary schoolers, only two Americans scored in the top 5%.

- Compared with foreign students, U.S. middle schoolers did fairly well. But their geometry rated among the bottom 25% of all countries studied by the Illinois team.

- In the majority of nations surveyed in the Illinois study, virtually all college-bound upper-school students take calculus. In the U.S. only about one-fifth do so.

The researchers suggest a daunting list of causes for such a poor showing. First, Americans tend to see math ability as innate. That, says Stevenson, gives youngsters a tailor-made excuse for not

keep on rereading and revisiting the same ideas." Finally, American schools often channel students and their assignments into separate "tracks," or ability levels, which may reinforce the performance of top students but imbues slower youngsters with the self-fulfilling notion that little is expected of them.

University of Chicago Professor of Education Zalman Usiskin directs part of a reform project to attack failings that the studies point out. Among his proposed first steps: development of well-trained math specialists to supplement the typical all-purpose teacher in the early grades. Usiskin will study translations of a number of foreign texts. "We can use them for ideas," he says. Further, he would move geometry and algebra preparation down into the seventh grade, leaving the later years free for advanced studies, including statistics and computers. Says Travers: "The demands of a high-tech society require that we upgrade the quality of mathematical education our children are getting. Maybe we could get by with a mediocre performance in math 20 and 30 years ago, but I'm not sure we can afford this any longer."

—By Ezra Bowen

Reported by Alessandra Stanley/Washington

Science

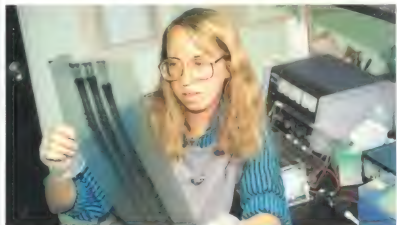
Everyone's Genealogical Mother

Biologists speculate that "Eve" lived in sub-Saharan Africa

If family trees were charted indefinitely backward, they would eventually converge on a small group of ancients who were ancestors of us all. Now biologists suggest in a report to *Nature* that a single female living between 140,000 and 280,000 years ago in Africa was an ancestor of everyone on the earth today. Inevitably—and to the probable delight of creationists—many scientists are calling her "Eve."

The authors point out that the hypothetical Eve, unlike the biblical one, was in no sense the one ancestral mother of all humans. There were other females reproducing at the time who have modern de-

scendants. But Eve is the only one who appears in everyone's genealogy, a conclusion the biologists reached by studying mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA). Most of the DNA in human cells is in the cell nucleus, in the form of chromosomes. Since chromosomes come from both parents, this nuclear DNA is reshuffled with each generation, confusing the line of inheritance. But there is also DNA outside the nucleus, in mitochondria, substructures within each cell that are responsible for producing energy the cell needs. Since the sperm's mitochondria do not survive fertilization intact, mtDNA is inherited solely through the mother. The only way it can change over the generations is through mutation. And that mutation, evidence suggests, proceeds at a steady, known rate. To calculate how much time has elapsed since the mutations that gave rise to today's variations began, the scientists need merely determine how much change has taken place.



Biologist Rebecca Cann examining a pattern of DNA sequences

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To measure this change, the biologists—Allan Wilson, currently on sabbat-

ical from the University of California, Berkeley; Rebecca Cann, now of the University of Hawaii; and Mark Stoneking, at Berkeley—examined mtDNA from 147 individuals representing five broad geographic regions. The scientists analyzed the samples by mixing them with restriction enzymes, proteins that cut strands of DNA at specific sites. After comparing the resulting fragments, the scientists used a computer to analyze the differences between the mtDNA samples and construct a "family" tree. Those differences were so small that they could be explained by assuming the existence of one ancestral mtDNA. Then the biologists extrapolated

backward to calculate when that mtDNA existed—in other words, when Eve lived. The facts that mtDNA is maternally inherited and that Eve's alone has survived mean that she was the only one among her female contemporaries whose descendants included some females in all succeeding generations. Descendants of the other females alive during Eve's time eventually included generations that produced no children or only males, thus halting propagation of their mtDNA.

By considering the geographic origins of the 147 people, the biologists were even able to determine where Eve lived: samples from those of sub-Saharan African descent showed the most intragroup differences, implying that their mtDNA had had more time to change and thus that their ancestors arose earliest. This finding plus the structure of the family tree indicated sub-Saharan origin, a conclusion that agrees with current archaeological and anthropological theory.

The researchers concede some uncertainties: about the mutation rate, for ex-

ample, and whether it is constant. Still, Stoneking says, the evidence shows that "mtDNA is a good molecule for tracing relationships between populations in general." And, adds Cann, "it is a way of welding molecular biology and anthropology. Sometimes fossils are misleading. We're trying to build better pictures of how humans evolved." —By Michael D. Lemonick.

Reported by Cristina Garcia/San Francisco, with other bureaus

DNA Prints

A foolproof crime test

Dawn Ashworth, 15, left a friend's house last July to walk to her home in Enderby, a village in England's East Midlands. She never made it. Two days later her body was found; she had been raped and strangled. Soon after, police arrested a 17-year-old youth in connection with that killing and an earlier, similar murder.

But three months later, convinced that the suspect was innocent of both crimes, the police freed him. How could they be so sure? By using the new technique of DNA fingerprinting, which involves analyzing nuclear rather than mitochondrial DNA, they had proved that while the same person had committed the murders, the man in custody was not the culprit. This month the police began using the test on blood samples from 2,000 Midlands men, hoping that if one of them is guilty, his DNA print will give him away.

The test involves comparing the DNA of blood, semen or hair roots found at the scene with the DNA of a suspect. What makes it virtually foolproof is that no two people (other than identical twins) have the same genetic characteristics. While considering this fact in 1983, Alec Jeffreys, a geneticist at the University of Leicester in England, realized it might be the basis for an important new tool in criminal investigations. Using restriction enzymes as "scissors," he cut the DNA taken from several people into segments and arranged them into patterns that somewhat resemble the bar codes found on supermarket products. The DNA from each individual, he found, formed a unique pattern—in effect a DNA fingerprint.

In the Midlands case, Jeffreys established that the DNA pattern of the 17-year-old suspect did not match those obtained during the murder investigations. The patterns of each of the 2,000 Midlands men will undergo similar scrutiny. But that may take a while. Each test involves a complicated series of steps over a period of 2½ weeks. Still, Jeffreys believes, with further refinements, and despite the \$300 price tag, the test will more than pay for itself not only in criminal investigations but in the resolution of paternity suits. Says he: "The system works beyond my wildest dreams."

Food



M.F.K. Fisher and Zazie on the veranda of her Sonoma ranch house

With Bold Pen and Fork

A golden anniversary for America's doyenne of food writers

M.F.K. (for Mary Frances Kennedy) Fisher is the grande dame of American food writers. Her passion for cuisine, conveyed with a novelist's supple prose in 17 books published since 1937, inspired a host of other writers to take up the craft of food criticism. One such is *TIME*'s critic, who recently visited Fisher, now 78, in California's Sonoma Valley. Her report:

"Now I am going to write a book. It will be about eating and about what to eat and about people who eat. And I shall do gymnastics by trying to fall between these three fires, or by straddling them all. I serve it forth."

Fifty years have passed since Fisher made that modest promise in her first published book, *Serve It Forth*. Still at work on two new books, she struggles daily in that endeavor, performing it gracefully and elegantly and evoking thoughts not only of food but of the life that is lived around it.

To one beguiled into writing about food by the engaging articles signed with that somewhat mysterious byline in early issues of *Gourmet*, the prospect of visiting Fisher brought with it some nervous excitement. Meeting a writer one admires is risky business, for there is the awful chance that the real-life personality will be so at odds with the literary presence that the written word no longer rings true.

Any such fears were dispelled at Fisher's small, white Spanish-style house in Glen Ellen, Calif., close to the Sonoma vineyards. The interior is vibrant, bursting with the warm, roseate tones of the landscapes the author loves—Provence, Mexico and California. Each room testifies to

the range of interests of the occupant. There are floor tiles with the soft black gleam of Oaxaca pottery, bright peasant rugs, wreaths of silver-green bay leaves and garlands of dried black-red chili peppers, leaning towers of books, phonograph records on and under tables, and paintings stacked against and hung on rough-painted white walls. Through it all moves the shadow of a calico cat, Zazie.

"That's a VCR monitor, not a television set," Fisher points out emphatically. "I like to watch movies at night after dinner now that I can't get out much." Failing eyesight, severe arthritis and other infirmities are about the only limitations she accepts, and then only because she must. It is hard to reconcile the hands so stiff they can no longer type and the slow movement across the room with the gleam of the gray-green eyes, the brightly lipsticked smile, the clear voice and, most of all, the feisty opinions.

Having championed native American foods and wines in the '50s and '60s, when only the word imported had currency with pseudo gourmets, Fisher is now tiring of all the hype about native food. "If I hear any more about chic Tex-Mex or blue cornmeal, I'll throw up. And I've always hated goat cheese because it tastes like dirt," she says. About the present wave of young American chefs, she observes: "Of course they should be encouraged, but most are too young to be so famous. I think it takes twelve years of experience after graduation from a culinary school for a man or woman truly to be a chef. Many of those young chefs pay more attention to the way food is arranged than the way it tastes."

Expressing boredom at the many

seminars devoted to "serious" discussions of American cuisine, she adds, "They make it all so tiresome and pretentious." As for the effort to establish a culinary center in the Manhattan town house of the late James Beard, she says, "Ridiculous. No one would hate that more than Jim."

Loyal readers of such Fisher classics as *How to Cook a Wolf*, *The Gastronomical Me*, *Consider the Oyster* and *With Bold Knife and Fork* are familiar with her life, which includes three marriages and two daughters. Born in Michigan, she was raised in Whittier, Calif., where her father Rex Kennedy was a newspaper editor and publisher. "I am a fifth-generation writer," she says with pride, "even though now I dictate into a cassette. It's awful."

Although the literary diet provided by her family was large and exotic, the food was anything but. "My maternal grandmother was in residence during most of my childhood, and she decided what we would eat. She believed in having only the simplest food—always fish on Friday, very little meat, no salt, sugar or other seasonings, and absolutely no coffee." A great revelation concerning the wonders of food came in 1929, when Fisher, while in France, dined at the *Hostellerie de la Poste* in Avallon. "The dish that forever changed my idea about food was mashed potatoes, dripping with butter," she recalls. "It wasn't only that it was perfectly made but most of all that it was served as a separate course. At home potatoes always came as an automatic adjunct to meat. Seeing them given individual respect taught me a great lesson."

In 1978 she accepted the invitation of the Japanese chef Shizuo Tsuji, a friend of 35 years and the founder and president of a cooking school for professionals in Osaka, to come to Japan and write an introduction to his cookbook *Japanese Cooking: A Simple Art*. She took along her sister and recalls the darker side of being a woman in Japan. "I would work all day long in the school, thinking only of going out in the evening and how I would be able to get up off the floor after dinner. My sister and I were the only women, and the men hardly spoke to us during the meal. Once each evening Tsuji would call to me at the other end of the table, 'Fisher-san, how do you like this?' 'Delicious, but what is it, Tsuji-san?' I would ask, and he would answer. 'The ovary of a pregnant sea slug.' And that was my conversation for the night."

Despite the kudos her work has won, Fisher's subject is still considered by many people to be lower literary ground. To such a criticism she had an early answer: "There is a communion of more than our bodies when bread is broken and wine is drunk. And that is my answer when people ask me, 'Why do you write about hunger, and not wars or love?'"

—By Mimi Sheraton

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Press

The Talk of the Town

Amid tremors of staff protest, The New Yorker gets a new editor

For 35 years, William Shawn has presided over his domain like a benevolent father. A shy man of gentle reason, he created a familial haven for some of the country's best writers to do their finest work in. Harold Ross founded *The New Yorker* in 1925, but it was Mr. Shawn, as he is invariably called, who turned the magazine into a forum for serious reportage and polished fiction while retaining its breezy urbanity. Both magazine and man became institutions of sorts. *The New Yorker* as an elite but powerful voice in

for months. Never mind that Gottlieb is considered a brilliant editor, held in high esteem by authors as disparate as Joseph Heller and Doris Lessing, as well as by a number of *New Yorker* writers who are published by Knopf. The shabby manner in which Shawn was treated and the fact that an outsider was chosen over his objection infuriated staffers. "There was an appearance of violence and crudity about what Newhouse did," complained a longtime *New Yorker* editor.

On Tuesday more than a hundred

pathy but declared his intention "to take up this new job." As Gottlieb toyed with his omelet and Shawn ate an English muffin, the two decided that Gottlieb should take over in mid-February, after a week spent working with Shawn.

The staff member Shawn had picked to succeed him was Charles ("Chip") McGrath, 39, managing editor of fiction. According to *New Yorker* staffers, McGrath had planned to move into the office next to Shawn's this month, with the idea of taking over sometime during the summer. Shawn, say sources close to him, had informed Newhouse of his choice and, as far as Shawn understood it, secured his approval. According to Newhouse, Shawn "told me that he thought Chip was coming along very well, and I said I didn't see any reason why we should not go along with McGrath." But Newhouse insists, perhaps disingenuously, that he did not take Shawn's words as a recommendation to appoint McGrath. As for the timing of his own departure, Shawn acknowledges that in a talk with Newhouse he mentioned March 1, among other dates, but says he did not mean to suggest that he wished to leave then. "Mr. Newhouse seems to have misunderstood me," Shawn says.

Though Gottlieb's successor at Knopf, which is also owned by the Newhouse family, has not been announced, the job has been offered to Sonny Mehta, the editorial director of Pan Books, the British publisher. Newhouse may have felt that Gottlieb could bring an editorial zest to *The New Yorker* that might make it more appealing to advertisers and younger readers. After buying the magazine for \$168 million, Newhouse installed an aggressive new publisher, Steven Florio, 37. Thanks partly to a TV ad campaign, the newly managed publication has increased its circulation from 480,000 to 575,000. But ad pages have dropped from 2,990 in 1985 to 2,644 last year, despite departures from custom, like foldout ads and the creation of special advertising sections.

Gottlieb says he is acutely aware of the magazine's traditions: "I accepted the position because *The New Yorker* is *The New Yorker*." If Gottlieb agrees with some critics who feel that the magazine has grown stolid, he does not say so. "The people at *The New Yorker* have worked for one man for 35 years, and suddenly there is a barbarian at the gates," he says. "But I am not a monster." For *New Yorker* staffers, the problem is that he is not another Shawn either. The sadness that filled the corridors on West 43rd Street last week would have been inevitable whenever Mr. Shawn left, no matter what the circumstances, but surely the rancor could have been avoided if he had been allowed to depart with greater dignity.

—By James Kelly,
Reported by Mary Cronin and David E. Thigpen/
New York



Successor Gottlieb lunching with Shawn at the Algonquin last week: end of an era

Petitioned by the staff to spurn the job, the "barbarian" politely refused.

the worlds of literature and journalism, Shawn as the primary force behind its tone and style. His control over editorial matters was absolute; nothing ever happened at the magazine without his benign approval.

Something happened last week however. On Monday afternoon Samuel Newhouse, the head of a family-owned media empire that bought the magazine in 1985, visited Shawn in his sparsely decorated office. Newhouse got right to the point. Robert Gottlieb, 55, president and editor in chief of the publishing house of Alfred Knopf, would succeed Shawn, 79, on March 1. Newhouse then handed Shawn a memo, dated the next day, that announced the editor's decision to retire. Shawn, taken aback, argued unsuccessfully that the next editor should come, as the magazine's staff had long expected, from within *The New Yorker's* ranks.

The word, which spread quickly through the magazine's offices on Manhattan's West 43rd Street, ignited a revolt among staffers that is likely to reverberate

staff members gathered in a lobby of *The New Yorker's* offices to protest the move. After several splenetic speeches against Newhouse, they decided to draft a letter to Gottlieb asking him to step aside in favor of an in-house candidate. The three-paragraph message was signed by 154 people, including Roger Angell, Ann Beattie, Calvin Trillin and even the hermitic J.D. Salinger, who has not published a short story in *The New Yorker* since 1965. "It is our strange and powerfully held conviction," read the letter, "that only an editor who has been a long-standing member of the staff will have a reasonable chance of assuring our continuity, cohesion, and independence."

The argument did not sway Gottlieb, who lunched next day with Shawn at the Algonquin Hotel, the fabled watering hole of such bygone *New Yorker* wits as Robert Benchley and Dorothy Parker. The two men had never met. As they settled at Shawn's regular table, Gottlieb gave Shawn his reply to the petition, a three-sentence note that expressed sym-

Video



Saget, Smith, Hartley and McEwen: an inexcusably cheery breakfast club

Something to Embarrass Everyone

THE MORNING PROGRAM CBS; Weekdays, 7:30-9 a.m. EST

On the first day, Co-Hosts Mariette Hartley and Rolland Smith told their new TV audience, "We want to be your friendly wake-up call." On the second day, Hartley pasted a HIT SHOW ON BOARD sign on Smith's lapel. By day three, she was fairly doubled over with laughter at the good time being had: "It's such fun waking up with all of these people!" But the credo for *The Morning Program* came at the end of its fourth show. As part of a tribute to Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday, the cast sang *We Shall Overcome*.

CBS's new entry in the early-morning wars had an armada of foes to overcome, even before it went on the air. Fans of the old *CBS Morning News* were outraged by the network's cancellation of that long-running broadcast, whose low ratings had persisted for years despite a revolving door

of hosts and formats. CBS News staffers resented the fact that the fluffy newcomer would be produced by the network's entertainment division. Rivals were publicly contemptuous. Bryant Gumbel, co-host of the front-running *Today*, scoffed before the new show even aired, "Desperate people do desperate things."

After the program's debut last week, most viewers probably agreed. In an effort to look different from its morning competitors—*Today* and ABC's *Good Morning, America*—*The Morning Program* has come up with something to embarrass everyone. Smith, a straitlaced former anchorman for New York City's WCBS-TV, and Actress Hartley, who once filled in as a *Today* co-host, engage in strained banter on an elaborately homey set. The show's regular features include

personal ads, in which singles promote themselves via 30-second video clips, comedy routines (that, good or bad, do not go down easily at 7:55 a.m., and Hartley's dog Daisy, which gets petted a lot. All of this is witnessed by a studio audience that on opening day found even Mark McEwen's weather casts worthy of applause.

The Morning Program has more conventional features as well: celebrity interviews, daily health tips, movie reviews and short news inserts. But Hartley, babbling constantly, is inexcusably cheerful, and the whole enterprise pushes too fast and too hard: *Hour Magazine* on speed.

Still, the show seems to have an appealing goal in sight: a friendly kaffeeklatsch in the tradition of radio's long-running *The Breakfast Club*. Some of the ideas work. Bob Saget, the show's announcer and "sidekick," narrated a funny home video of his own wedding. Writers Roy Blount Jr. and Calvin Trillin were on hand with wry commentaries. And a few of the segments (like an interview with a Wall Street executive at the gym where he goes boxing before work) struck just the right, what's-new-this-morning? tone.

Criticizing *The Morning Program* as fluff is unfair, almost like blaming *Late Night* with David Letterman for not running news inserts. The show's main problem seems to be a failure of nerve. It tries to break from the morning mold but retains enough *Today*-like elements to make the entertainment features jarring. Another sort of host—a folksy Arthur Godfrey type, perhaps—might have made the format more palatable. Even Smith and Hartley could eventually relax and turn into pleasant morning companions. Right now they are working too hard at chemistry to notice that the ingredients are not jelling.

—By Richard Zoglin

Milestones

MARRIED. Neil Simon, 59, prodigiously successful comic playwright (*The Odd Couple*, *Brighton Beach Memoirs*, *Broadway Bound!*); and Diane Lander, 33, television actress; he for the third time.

SENTENCED. Anthony (Fat Tony) Salerno, 75, Anthony (Tony Ducks) Corallo, 74, and Carmine (Junior) Persico, 53, reputed bosses of the Genovese, Lucchese and Colombo crime families, respectively, and Associates Salvatore (Tom Mix) Santoro, 71, Christopher (Christie Tick) Furnari, 62, Gennaro (Gerry Lang) Langella, 48, and Ralph Scopo, 58: each to 100 years in prison; and Bonanno Family Soldier Anthony Indelicato, 38, to 40 years; plus maximum fines of \$50,000 to \$250,000 for each, with recommendation that they be denied parole when eligible in ten years; on charges ranging from racketeering to murder; in New York City. Appeals have been filed.

DIED. Harold Krents, 42, a blind cum laude graduate of Harvard whose I-A classification by a draft board that doubted his impairment inspired the 1969 Broadway play *Butterflies Are Free* and a 1980 CBS movie, *To Race the Wind*; of a brain tumor. In New York City. After earning a degree from Harvard Law School, Krents worked to extend legal protection for the handicapped and their right to equal opportunity in the business world.

DIED. Earl Wilson, 79, former dean of gossip columnists; after suffering a massive stroke; in Yonkers, N.Y. From 1942 until he retired in 1983, Wilson wrote 11,424 of his "It Happened Last Night" columns, in which he chronicled the activities of Broadway and Hollywood stars for as many as 175 newspapers. His several chatty books about the celebrity world included *I Am Gazing into My 8-Ball* (1945),

Let 'Em Eat Cheesecake (1949) and *The Show Business Nobody Knows* (1971).

DIED. Ray Bolger, 83, rag-jointed dancer, singer and actor indelibly known as the Scarecrow in the 1939 movie *The Wizard of Oz* but also identified with his lilting soft-shoe rendition of *Once in Love with Amy* from the 1948 Broadway hit *Where's Charley?*; of cancer, in Los Angeles. He first attained stardom in the 1936 musical *On Your Toes*, which included the spell-binding dance number *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*. Bolger's film career, spanning four decades, included such musicals as *The Harvey Girls* (1946), *April in Paris* (1953) and *Babes in Toyland* (1961). He was the last survivor of the cheery Oz quartet that skipped down the Yellow Brick Road Judy Garland (Dorothy) died in 1969, Bert Lahr (the Cowardly Lion) in 1967, Jack Haley (the Tin Woodman) in 1979.

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People

January is the cruelest month, at least for insecure trendies and would-be with-its. That is when most self-styled tastemakers produce Annual Lists, those catalogs of cool with the word on who and what are In and Out, hot and not. They are the last thing anyone cares about, and the first thing everybody reads. They are utterly fatuous, the enervating essence of trivial pursuit, a matter of social life and death.

How do the media justify their snobbish fixation with separating the chic from the chaff? *USA Today* sees the choices as more "fast-food-for-thought." "It's fun to read and fun to do," says **Patrick McCarthy**, executive editor of *W*, an unabashed arbiter of Inness since 1972. "Everybody here gets involved.

We make it clear that you can't take it seriously." But you can certainly take it further. This year *W* added two new designations: BEYOND IN ("Like they're permanently In," explains McCarthy) and THE OUT PALACE ("They're so far Out they're probably in orbit"). Among this year's ultra In: the Queen Mother, **David Letterman** and **Jackie O.** (yes, they still call her that at *W*). Lost in Outer Space: **Frank Sinatra**, **Dustin Hoffman** and Monaco's

cultural cutting edge. Director **Steven Spielberg** was called Out by *W*, though it ruled his wife Actress **Amy Irving** safely In. The *Washington Post* found



Brinkley/Joel: What's he got that she's not?

Songster **Billy Joel** more in tune with the times than his spouse, Supermodel **Christie Brinkley**. The winds of with-it-ness blew



Reagan: winning grin

hard on political progeny. Presidential Daughter **Patti Davis** lost the opinion poll to her brother **Ron Reagan Jr.** in the *Post*, and **Amy Carter** got the thumbs-up, sign from *USA*.

There was a co-ven of switches, contradictions intended and inadvertent. *W* was appropriately fickle in assessments of America (Out) and its native son, Actor

Paul Hogan (In). Painter **Andrew Wyeth** got the brush-off from the *Post*, but not his mysterious model, **Helga Testorf**, who, like Hogan, Singer **Whitney Houston**, **Ivan Boesky** and **Oliver North**, was among the year's most intriguing to PEOPLE. Consensus broke down altogether over **Sigourney Weaver** (*USA Today* thought her In, *W* struck her Out) and **Bill Cosby** (*USA* warmed to his sweaters, *W* was cold on the man). Then there was **Bruce Springsteen**; *W* deemed him among the In-est of the In, but *USA* thought he was Out.

The hip hysteres sometimes got hoisted on their own publicity pendants. Korbel champagne's list of the Top

Ten Romantic People lost some fizz when it included **Lee Iacocca** a scant few days before the news that he was divorcing his wife **Peggy**. A

Worst Shape list, pumped up by Celebrity Fitness Trainer **Bill Calkins**, included **Sarah Ferguson**, even though she recently dropped an estimated 20 lbs. and beat out her sister-in-law **Diana** for best royal figure in the British magazine *Slimming*. Less embarrassing, but mystifying nonetheless, was the decision by the Fashion Foundation of America to hail two bosses (and working-class heroes), **Springsteen** and

Mikhail Gorbachev, as among the world's - best dressed. Last week **Mr. Blackwell's** annual ten worst-dressed women appraisal completed the fashion foldover by rating **Meryl Streep** No. 1 because she looks "like a gypsy abandoned by a caravan."

Puffery of any sort is anathema to the Millard Fillmore Society, which awarded its Medal of Mediocrity not to a living star but to **Halley's comet**, derided as "all fluff and glitter with no substance." Runner-up, **Joan Rivers**, dismissed by the Fillmoreites as "all fluff and no glitter." The Unicorn Hunters of Michigan's Lake Superior



Weaver: provoking disagreement

State College compile "Words Banished from the Queen's English for Mis- or Overuse, as Well as General Uselessness." In the verbal vigilantes' cross hairs: "shower activity" for rain, movie "colorization" and the horrid psycho-handle "hands-on participatory experience."

To help the status conscious avoid the shallows of despair, various arbiters issued instructions on the wrong stuff to have and the right stuff to get. Throw out your strapless dresses, shoulder pads, goat cheese, baby vegetables, pâté, DoveBars, catsup and Louis XV furniture.

Stock up on lace, crinolines, cameos, Land Rovers, chocolate, crème brûlée, root vegetables and 17th century French religious paintings. Visit Vienna, Scotland and Maine; skip Paris, Aspen and Manhattan's Upper West Side. Absolutely everyone agrees that breasts are In (though *W* balks at breast implants). And, unfortunately, sex is Out, only talking about it is In.

Short of some modern Ko-Ko coming up with a new *They Never Would Be Missed List*, the enterprise would seem to have been fully exhausted. But the *Post* did find lists themselves to be In. Perhaps, though, that means they are already on their way Out.

—By Gay D. Garcia



Davis: missing sis

Princess Caroline. Her jet-set sister **Princess Stephanie** is also counted outré by *USA Today*.

Several show-biz families, curiously, were split up by the



Irving/Spielberg: But whom will the baby favor?

Sport

Elway and the Giant Way

An old franchise and a young quarterback come of age at XXI

Everyone agrees that the New York Giants are somebody's fine football team. Whose, no one seems completely sure. Neither of the feuding Maras, Wellington and Tim, quite owns them. And since the Giants play their home games in East Rutherford, N.J., the mayor of New York City regards them as "foreigners." Any parades have been referred to the city of Moonachie.

Even New Jersey has had occasion to disavow the Giants. At the final game of 1978, considered the low point in a post-'50s depression, an indignant little airplane buzzed Giant Stadium towing an ultimatum: 15 YEARS OF LOUSY FOOTBALL: WE'VE HAD ENOUGH. The comeback began on that note as at last brought the Giants to Pasadena, where they are the bright and favored stars of Super Bowl XXI (also featuring the Denver Broncos).

Early in 1979, unable to settle on a new general manager to lead them out of the wilderness, the Maras had a myopic former high school history teacher pressed upon them by the exasperated league. His name was George Young, and his philosophy was rooted in the Old Testament. "You need a strong defense and a good running game," he preached, "because in the second half of the season God sends you bad weather." In turn, he hired Coaches Ray Perkins and Bill Parcells; Parcells took.

As Young had forecast, a terrible wind came up last week at the conference-championship game against the Washington Redskins. The runner he had standing ready was 5-ft. 7-in. Joe Morris of Syracuse University, and the defense consisted hugely of Linebackers Harry Carson, Gary Reasons, Carl Banks and the Most Valuable Player in the National Football League, Lawrence Taylor. The Giants won the game, 17-0, and the playoffs, 66-3, maiming two opposing quarterbacks in the process.

Meanwhile, in far-off Cleveland, a quarterback for the ages was coming of age. Denver's John Elway, 26, a Stanford baseball and football phenom prized above Miami's Dan Marino in the great quarterback draft of 1983, gathered the Broncos in their own end zone with less

than six minutes and more than 98 yds. to go. Just to tie, they needed a touchdown. "We've got these guys right where we want them," drawled Denver Guard Keith Bishop, a Texan, but everyone else was looking at Elway. "We have a long way to go, so let's get going," he said. "Do whatever it takes, and something good will happen."

Thrice in a 15-play march third



New York's relentless defense and Denver's dauntless leader last week

"Do whatever it takes, and something good will happen."

downs required something wonderful. On a third-and-18 play near midfield, Coach Dan Reeves advised Elway to try for just half of it, recalling the cautious voice of Baltimore Coach Weeb Ewbank that Johnny Unitas never heeded in the Colt-Giant sudden-death championship game of 1958. Elway completed his 20-yd. pass to Mark Jackson, and another of 5 yds. for the touchdown. In terms a Giant can understand, pro football had a new standard for closing flourishes. No less an authority than Dallas' Tom Landry, New York's defensive coach in that legendary loss 29 years ago, says so.

Craig Morton, Denver's Super Bowl quarterback of 1978, a former associate of Roger Staubach's in Dallas, calls Elway

"simply the best quarterback I have ever seen." As Morton viewed it, the push then to the overtime field goal, which devastated Cleveland, 23-20, was an inevitable extension of the storied drive. At every Broncos stall afterward, the moral was the same. "I knew if anyone could do it, it was us," said Place-Kicker Rich Karlis. "We have John Elway." "When you have John Elway," Bishop said, "anything is possible." "Anytime you have John Elway," said Reeves, "you have a chance." Since New York is favored by 10 points, this chorus becomes Denver's song of the Super Bowl.

N.F.L. traditionalists hoped for a Giants-Broncos matchup, a game fit to be watched on black-and-white television. But Super Bowl tradition is founded in the old American Football League too, and Elway casts something of a Joe Namath shadow on the mismatch. As of last week Elway had not guaranteed a victory, but he did say this. "You have got to win the Super Bowl before you are a great quarterback."

Although Tackle Jim Burt danced last week with the customers (whether they were from New Jersey or New York), most of the Giant veterans have shown a restraint born of hard times. End George Martin says, "The defense we've played the past two weeks has been so incredible. Harry Carson and I keep thinking we're going to wake up and be 3-12-1 again." Elway's less lionized counterpart, Phil Simms, 30, still refers to "the anxiety of being a Giant. Jeez, it's been hanging over our heads for so long. The distant past, the recent past. Maybe this will stop some of the past. Maybe people will start talking about our team."

While the Giants (16-2) terrorized the league from the season's second game, the Broncos (13-5) at one stretch went ten weeks without a two-game winning or losing streak. Only a couple of months ago, the Giants and Broncos met in New Jersey, and New York won on a Martin interception, 19-16. "Their pass defense was terrific," said Simms. "I hate playing teams with terrific pass defenses." Of Elway, Taylor mused, "I sure hope we don't have to face him again." If everyone is right, and the Giants win their first world championship in 30 years, Coach Parcells will be soaked with his usual Gatorade. If everyone is wrong, something stronger will be in order, at least in New Jersey.

—By Tom Callahan

Dragster in the Danger Zone

Dennis Conner leads the Kiwis in the challenge for the Cup

For sheer, world-class derangement, few pastimes can match that of smearing one's face with sunscreen goo, joining ten other hearty mates and smashing over the sea in multimillion-dollar pursuit of an ugly, and near worthless, silver jug. Yachtsmen often complain that ocean racing is like standing under an ice-cold shower tearing up thousand-dollar bills. Until recently, Dennis Conner, 44, skipper and mastermind of the smoke-blue *Stars & Stripes*, might have agreed.

Last week, however, as speakers on the *Stars & Stripes* tender boomed out the boat's theme song, *Danger Zone*, from the

who grouched abrasively as he was overtaken by *Australia II* in Newport has long been quietly plotting his course for the Cup's recapture. After breaking with the N.Y.Y.C., Conner, who owns a drapery business in San Diego, raised some \$15 million (mostly from corporate sponsors, including Ford, Merrill Lynch and Budweiser). Two years ago, he assembled his crew and began sailing in near secrecy off Hawaii, where wind and water duplicate the Western Australia conditions. Conner had also noted that the Fremantle Doctor, a wind so named because it relieves the almost 100° temperatures onshore, in-

although a sailor since childhood, has been at their helms less than a year.

Last Tuesday, after a week of fine-tuning rudder, rigging and sails and applying strips of plastic film to the hull, Conner came out smoking and caught the Kiwis by surprise. *Stars & Stripes* crossed the starting line three seconds ahead of *New Zealand* and never relinquished the lead. On the 24.1-mile course's four windward legs, Conner refused to be drawn into Dickson's practiced tacking maneuvers, in which the lead boat covers the one behind, trying to prevent it from escaping the blockage of its breeze. In a blustery 26-knot wind, *Stars & Stripes* did not risk losing that contest and barreled straight ahead to win by 1:20. The second meeting was a replay of the first: *Stars & Stripes* blew ahead on a gusty breeze to a 1:36 victory. But Dennis-no-longer-the-Menace did not crow. "I've been ahead two-zip before," he said, referring to his lead in Newport prior to disaster.

Buoyed by a phone call from Prime Minister David Lange, two miles of thermofaxed messages from 300,000 fans at home and a dockside war dance by Maori tribesmen, *New Zealand* got lucky in the third race. *Stars & Stripes* got off to a lead of 21 seconds, but a halyard shackle popped loose as the boat rounded the second mark, sending its spinnaker flapping into the water. Although his crew cleared the wet sail and hoisted a new sheet in 70 seconds, Conner fell behind and was forced into an exhausting two-hour tacking match in which he came about 131 times to Dickson's 128. *Stars & Stripes* narrowed the gap to 15 seconds at one point, but *New Zealand* held on, crossing the line 38 seconds ahead. Said a drained Conner: "We went down bloody, but we're willing to continue."

In the fourth race, he continued with a roar. Never really threatened, Conner pulled off a "horizon job"—meaning the leader is all but out of sight. The hard-pressed *New Zealand* had a rash of problems, from gear failures to a ripped mainsail, that left it limping in, a stunned 3:38 behind. "Disastrous," said Dickson. "Everything broke and went wrong." Conner ended the week needing only one victory to clinch the challenger's berth in the finals, while the disgruntled Kiwis had to win three. If the draper succeeds, next week he will face either his old nemesis, Perth Millionaire Alan Bond and *Australia IV*, a descendant of the boat that won at Newport, or more likely the lithe and speedy *Kookaburra III*, owned by rival Perth Businessman Kevin Parry. Some experts now believe the onrushing *Stars & Stripes* will take it all. Conner is making no claims. But though he may try some equipment changes for the ultimate contest, the theme song is set. Playing *Danger Zone* seems to suit him just fine. —By J.D. Reed.

Reported by John Dunn/Fremantle



A run for the jug: *Stars & Stripes* ahead of *New Zealand* in the first race of the challenger final. Heeled over, hunkered down and blasting back at the black mark in the record book.

movie *Top Gun*, the skipper who lost the America's Cup had come a long way toward putting some glory after his black mark in yachting's record book. Conner's 1983 defeat by Australia broke the New York Yacht Club's 132-year winning streak. This time, Conner has heeled over, hunkered down and blasted to a comfortable—and unexpected—3-1 lead over the fiber-glass-hulled *New Zealand* in the best-of-seven series to determine who will challenge Australia.

Conner's success on Gage Roads, a boisterous strip of the Indian Ocean off Perth's port of Fremantle, is a sailing surprise. Through four elimination rounds since October, *Stars & Stripes*, the entry of the San Diego Yacht Club, had done well, compiling a 31-7 record. But in last week's challenger final between Conner and *New Zealand*, pundits and punters favored the "Kiwi Magic" because the boat was 37-1 overall, as well as 2-1 in its previous races with *Stars & Stripes*. Gloomy American fans worried about an all-Pacific final that would rob the Cup—and the next contest—in the Antipodes.

But a calmer Conner than the one

increases in strength as the antipodal summer progresses. So he got his marine architects to deliver a boat that would sail best in a straight line and go fastest in the high winds and rough seas expected during the Cup races' final stages.

The strategy paid off as *Stars & Stripes* grew stronger during the competition. The boat seemed to find a "magical lift," according to rival USA Skipper Tom Blackaller, who lost the semifinals to Conner in four straight three weeks ago. That set the stage for a neat matchup of opposites last week because *New Zealand* was designed for maneuverability on high seas. The result, says Conner, is "like a fuel dragster vs. a turbocharged Porsche. While the dragster might have more speed in a straight line, he doesn't want to go 24 hours at Le Mans." The series was also a classic duel of wily veteran vs. brash youth. Conner has some 10,000 hours on 12-meter boats. *New Zealand* Skipper Chris Dickson, 25,



The old salt

Books

Idylls of a Somnipractor

REAGAN'S AMERICA: INNOCENTS AT HOME
by Garry Wills; Doubleday; 472 pages; \$19.95

In the sci-fi film *The Philadelphia Experiment*, a youth is hurled from the 1940s into the present. He finds solace in a motel, watching Abbott and Costello reruns. Then he switches to a Reagan press conference. "Allison," he says to a friend, "I know this guy. Is this another movie?" Her answer: "No, David, this is not a movie."

In this flawed but sweeping account of the President and the past that shaped him, Author Garry Wills happily records the incident but takes issue with Allison. He sees the President, in essence, as an auteur who "renews our past by resuming it. His approach is... associative; not a tracking shot, but montage. We make the connections. It is our movie."

Wills is a onetime Jesuit seminarian with a Ph.D. in classics from Yale who now teaches American history at Northwestern. In *Nixon Agonistes* (1970), he tracked a man contending for a lifetime with self-destructive impulses. With Reagan, he finds a subject wholly at peace with his past. Whatever is unpleasant is simply ignored, forgotten or invented. Reagan, for example, fondly remembers his Illinois childhood as "one of those rare Huck Finn-Tom Sawyer idylls." Wills, reared in the Midwest himself, knows the dark side of Twainiana, and he finds it in Tampico, Ill., one month after the Reagan family's arrival. HANG AND BURN THREE NEGROES read the headlines of the village paper. ROPE BREAKS PRECIPITATING VICTIM INTO BURNING EMBERS OF PYRE. So much for idylls.

Reagan's father Jack recalls the characters W.C. Fields liked to play. He sold shoes but grandly styled himself a "graduate practitioner," was known to tinkle and shuttled his family to some 13 homes in five towns; Mother Nelle was a teetotaler and a devout Protestant churchgoer. In the Depression, the impoverished Jack and his older son Neil were rescued by the New Deal: they worked for the federal relief program. Thus Ronald Reagan, the great enemy of bureaucracy, observes Wills, "was cradled in the arms of 'govment.'"

In his private life, Reagan for the most part remained his mother's obedient son. Professionally, he was his father's offspring, "a supplier of entertainment, comfort, distraction, and healing symbols," a somnipractor, suggests the author, an arranger of others' dreams. The now famous years as radio sportscaster, describing baseball games confectioned from telegraph bulletins, were succeeded by decades as a Hollywood actor whose ideas of history were often derived from scenarios.

In Westerns, a genre he favored, Reagan enjoyed playing the brave loner fac-

ing a mob: "If one can't handle this" he tells a deputy in *Law and Order* (1953), "two won't be any good." In fact, the author notes, the old cattle towns relied upon conscientious law enforcement; Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp were both forced out of Dodge City as troublemakers. During World War II, Reagan acted

Excerpt

“It is appropriate that the teenage hero of *Back to the Future*, when he reached the time when his parents met, should find a Reagan Western at the local theater... At the final eucharistic table of the free lunch, Ronald Reagan is the rehabilitated parent par excellence, the faded idol as reachable ideal.”



in propaganda films for the Army. Here, too, facts became servants of the Message, and they remained so in peacetime. "By the time I got out of the Army Air Corps," wrote Reagan in his autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, "all I wanted to do... was rest up awhile, make love to my wife, and come up refreshed to a better job in an ideal world. (As it came out, I was disappointed in these postwar ambitions.)" But where had he been that he could not make love to his then wife, Jane Wyman? inquires Wills. "They had been in the same town for the last three years."

Reagan likes to recall his early postwar days as a workingman's advocate. In fact, as president of the Screen Actors Guild, he was not, reports Wills, "speaking for labor, but [acting as] a strikebreaker doing the will of the producers." When his movie career faltered, he became host of a television series, *General Electric Theater*, and stumped cross-country, speaking for the company. After eight years, he was summarily dismissed, but Reagan has no harsh words for GE; after all, by the time he was fired in 1962, he had reached a new constituency.

As Governor of California, Reagan built a strong administration, saw the state budget double and, says Wills, "committed the very sin he inveighed against—government." The same imbalance of reality and myth continues during the presidency, which takes up the last and weakest portion of a 41-chapter book. Here Wills' cinematic thesis tends to fade out. "What is Star Wars," he asks rhetorically, "but another, more complex projector meant to trace, in lasers and benign nuclear 'searchlights,' the image of America itself across the widest screen of all?" But Reagan is not the inventor of the Strategic Defense Initiative; he is merely its most ardent spokesman. Surely the scientists and military executives who think SDI feasible cannot all have been transfused by the dazzle of show business. Reagan, Wills maintains, "believes that terrorists will stay away from jet planes if America acts like a cowboy." But not all shows of force are showdowns at the O.K. Corral.

Far too often, Wills, like his subject, seems to fall victim to wide-sweeping rhetoric and to the appeal of marquee names: if Reagan's second wife Nancy co-starred with Van Heflin and Glenn Ford, the actors and the films are duly recorded. Meanwhile, canny observers of Reagan's presidential performance, such as Tip O'Neill or Robert Dole, are wholly absent.

Despite the fast-forward quality of the presidential chapters, *Reagan's America* is a prodigious feat of research and popular history. The author has synthesized disparate incidents and uncovered revealing data. From here on, no scholar or journalist will be able to confront the history of the '80s without stopping off at *Innocents at Home* to see the Ronald Reagans: the fictional and the real one. —By Stefan Kanfer



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